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THE

BLACK VALLEY:

The Railroad and the Country;



WITH AN ACCOUNT OF

THE INTRODUCTION OF WATER.

An Allegory.

BY S. W. HANKS.

CONGREGATIONAL PUBLISHING SOCIETY,
No. 13 CORNHILL, BOSTON.

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TESTIMONIALS.

From the Pacific, San Francisco

A powerful argument for temperance—original in style and conception, and admirably adapted to interest all readers and especially the young. It ought to be in the Library of every child and every Sabbath school, and all temperance organizations ought to circulate it broadcast. No temperance book is calculated to do better service or to make a deeper popular impression.

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Will do as much as the best in training the young.

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The book will be read by millions. It advocates prohibition and moral suasion, and shows that the church is the source whence must flow the influence which is to sweep away this curse of curses.

From the Vermont Chronicle

An allegory of great clearness, and so full of scripture sentiment that like a gospel parable, the drunkard and the man who puts the cup to his lips may see themselves as in a glass, while the promise of salvation both temporal and eternal appears in the "pure river of water of life clear as crystal proceeding out of the throne of God and the Lamb." A powerful argument for temperance on the right basis.

*From the Wellspring.**

Should be in all our Sabbath school Libraries, and every boy in the land should read it.

From Rev. S. H. Hayes, Seamen's Chaplain, Boston.

The best thing on the subject in the language. It is capital for Sabbath school Superintendents and ministers, each chapter furnishing precisely the picture and the point for a lecture.

TESTIMONIALS.

I have never seen any document, tract, book, or illustration, that, as a powerful exhibiter of *truth*, is at all comparable with it."—*John B. Gough.*

A bookseller says, "From my store-window it preaches temperance all day long to multitudes whose attention it arrests."

A sea-captain writes, "An intemperate shipmaster saw it in the West Indies. It led him to sign the pledge, and discharge all the bottles in his ship into the sea. He returned to his family a sober man."

A pastor writes, "I have known four exceedingly interesting reformations by it. Two youngmen read it together. One said to the other, 'We are on that road, and pretty near the last stopping-place. I will leave the train if you will.'—'I will do it,' said the other; and both stopped drinking. Afterward the father of one did the same."

Another writes, "We have had a public meeting to request our selectmen to close up all the Ticket-offices of the Black Valley Railroad; and they have done it."

From a man-of-war, a sailor missionary writes, "One hundred and fifty have signed the pledge. It is the best thing I ever saw in print."

From Port Natal, Africa, another writes, "It has led to the organization of an efficient temperance society."

Another writes, "I think it adapted to produce great moral effects. It will save many from a drunkard's life and death."

Another writes, "If it could be introduced into all our schools, it would be the cheapest, most impressive, and most successful way of teaching temperance to the rising generation."

A company of boys, mistaking it for the advertisement of a railroad excursion, while trying to find where to go after tickets saw its meaning, and exclaimed, "It is the road to hell. Let us get no tickets."

"Should induce all, young or old, to pause before entering the train leading to this valley of horrors."—*Hon. Edward C. Delavan, Albany.*

"Your ideas of *Intemperance*, as embodied in the picture of the *Black-Valley Railroad*, I think adapted to produce a great moral effect in the minds of the young. The little folks take great pleasure in tracing out the truth written all over it. I wish every school in the land might have one of those pictures in it. It attracts the eyes of the young, and instrumentally will save many of them from a drunkard's life, death, and eternity."—*Rev. H. M. Parsons, Boston.*

"We wish that on the walls of each Sabbath School were hung up the powerful and terrific picture, the *Black-Valley Railroad*, which maps out the whole tour of the tippler from Sippington to Topersville, clear on to Demonland and *Destruction*."—*Independent, by Rev. T. L. Cuyler.*

"One of the most wonderful things of the age, vividly exhibiting the way to ruin by Intemperance."—*Quincy (Ill.) Republican.*

THE
BLACK VALLEY:

THE RAILROAD AND THE COUNTRY;

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF

THE INTRODUCTION OF WATER.

An Allegory.

By S. W. HANKS.

WITH STRIKING ILLUSTRATIONS.

"This book is writ in such a dialect
As may the minds of listless men affect.
It seems a novelty, and yet contains
Nothing but sound and honest gospel strains.
'Truly 'twill make no traveller of thee,
If by its council thou wilt ruled be."

—BUNYAN.

BOSTON :
CONGREGATIONAL PUBLISHING SOCIETY,
No. 13 CORNHILL.

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PREFACE.

THIS book has grown out of the tract called "The Black-Valley Road ;" more than three millions of which have been called for since its first publication. It was prepared for the benefit of seamen, but has been found to be useful among landsmen, as well. The allegorical style has been chosen, as best adapted to accomplish the object in view. It has been written with the hope of helping to direct attention to the evils of the liquor-traffic, now more terrible than war, pestilence, or famine. The author is impressed with the belief, that the Bible, rightly understood, and applied by the agencies of the Church, co-operating with other instrumentalities, is the most efficient weapon to be used in the war against the evil. Those who are familiar with the facts, methods, and results of the dram-shop business, will have no difficulty in

understanding what is meant by the Black-Valley Country; while those who have paid even slight attention to the symbolic meaning of the Bible will see that the water which has swept away the Black-Valley Road means Christian truth, producing spiritual life, with its accompanying moral influences.

The poetry is not ours. I. N. Tarbox, D.D., furnishes "A ride on the Black-Valley Road," The "Water Song" is by Rev. J. Pierpont, and "Delirium Tremens" by J. Allison. The statistics refer to the United States. The author has avoided personalities, and made garments for the general market; but, if individuals find a good fit, it is hoped they will appropriate freely, according to their own ideas of fitness.


S. W. H

CAMBRIDGE, 1871.

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 The volume contains 200 pages and 16 striking illustrations, with Dr. Sewall's Stomach Diagrams. Price \$1.00; forwarded by mail.

CONG'L PUBLISHING SOCIETY,
13 Cornhill. Boston.

BLACK-VALLEY RAILROAD.

Sippington.

Medicineville.

Tippleton.

Topersville.

Drunkards'
Curve.

Rowdyville.

Quarrelton.

Riotville.

Beggarstown.

Woeland.

Gamblersville.

Fightington.

Brothelton.

Robbers' Den.

Prisonton.

GREAT
CENTRAL
FAST
ROUTE,

FROM

SIPPINGTON

TO THE

Black Valley.

—◆—
ACCIDENTS

BY COLLISIONS

ENTIRELY AVOIDED,

AS ONLY

Down-Trains

ARE RUN

OVER THE ROAD.

—◆—
TICKETS

SOLD AT

ALL

LIQUOR

SHOPS.

Deliriumton.

Demonland.

Hornets'-Nest
Thicket.Screech-Owl
Forest.

Horrorland.

Serpentland.

Maniacville.

Idiot Flats.

Black Valley.

Great Desert.

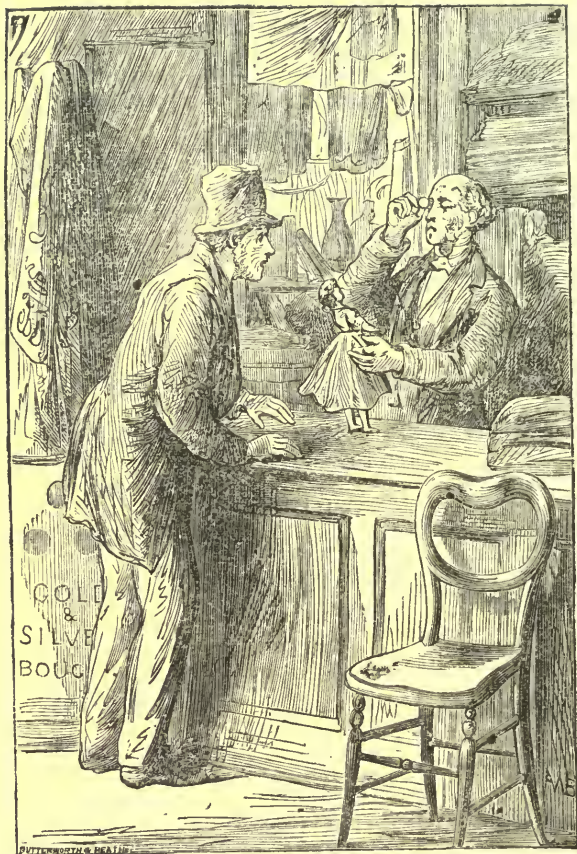
Cloudland.

Thunderland.

Stormland.

Whirlwind
Crossing.

Destruction.





An emigrant to the Black Valley Country, transacting a delicate item of business at an office of the Black Valley Rail Road.


SPECIAL NOTICES.


LOOK OUT FOR PICKPOCKETS


WHILE PURCHASING TICKETS.


 From DRUNKARDS' CURVE the Train is an Express; all TAKING IN being done above that station, and principally of respectable people. Passengers for all the places *beyond* are THROWN OUT without stopping the Train.

 Passengers not allowed to stand on the platform, or to put their heads out of the windows below Rowdyville,—the Corporation not wishing to alarm persons who are not patrons of the Road.

 Persons desiring to leave the Train will find the FOUNTAIN-LAND Stages at Drunkards' Curve, and all the Stations above, ready to convey them free to any of the villages upon CRYSTAL WATER RIVER. Below Drunkards' Curve, AMBULANCES will be used.

 Persons living in the vicinity of this Road must "look out for the engine," as no bell is rung or brakemen employed below Drunkards' Curve, and the Company disclaim all responsibility for damages.

 *All Baggage* at the risk of the owners. Widows and orphans in pursuit of baggage lost by friends on this Road are informed that the Corporation will adhere strictly to the *usages of the Road*, and positively will not restore lost baggage.

 Passengers in the sleeping-cars, especially Stockholders, will be *waked up* at *Screech-Owl Forest, Thunderland*, and at the *End of the Road*.

ANNUAL BUSINESS

OF THE

BLACK-VALLEY RAILROAD.

(1.) It is carrying annually over six hundred thousand travellers into the *Black Valley Country*, where more than two millions of men, women, and children are kept under a cloud of untold misery and wretchedness.

(2.) It carries down, and throws out, annually, at *Beggarstown*, more than four hundred thousand persons, of whom two hundred thousand are orphans.

(3.) It carries annually one hundred thousand men and women to *Prisonton*, three hundred of whom are murderers.

(4.) It carries down to disgrace and destruction multitudes of the most talented and promising men from every profession in life.

(5.) It consumes sixty millions of bushels of grain annually for its Engine, the Distillery.

(6.) It carries over twelve hundred millions of dollars out of the pockets of travellers.

(7.) It carries annually from sixty to one hundred thousand people to a premature grave.

(8.) It gives employment to *five hundred and seventy thousand* people, most of whom are voters.

Through Passengers will arrive at or about Midnight.



EXPLANATION OF THE PICTURE.

IN the background, on the left, a train is seen leaving the region of fountains, churches, and ministering angels, for the BLACK-VALLEY COUNTRY; farther down, faster trains are seen going in the same direction. In the foreground, a train is leaving DRUNKARD'S CURVE, the last stopping-place. In the saloon, one conductor is emptying the pockets of travellers, while another is ejecting them from the train. Forward of the saloon is the fireman, who is also the owner of the road.² On the left, some travellers, who have been carried farther than they intended to go, are leaving the train to return by the FOUNTAINLAND Stages; on the right, some philanthropists are helping into ambulances the disabled and dying, who have been thrown out along the track of the road. Beyond is seen a part of the GREAT BLACK VALLEY, where leafless and fruitless trees are leaning and breaking in the coils of a huge serpent. Farther on is BEGGARSTOWN and PRISONTON, beyond which a train is seen disappearing into DELIRIUMTON and DEMONLAND, and the stormy regions toward the lower terminus of the road, from which the only telegram that ever comes is

"At the last it biteth like a Serpent, and stingeth like an Adder."





BLACK-VALLEY COUNTRY.



CHAPTER I.

Boundaries and Distinguishing Characteristics.

AS the country of which this volume treats now contains a very large and rapidly-increasing population, all of whom have gone down over the aforesaid road, and made a permanent settlement of themselves and their families in the Black-Valley Country; and as the corporation of the road, by its great wealth, shrewd management, and indomitable energy, is exerting a world-wide influence socially and morally, as well as politically and financially, — having more than

five hundred thousand employees, and receiving more than twelve hundred millions of dollars annually from its patrons, — it seems desirable that the subject should be studied by the Christian and philanthropist as well as the statesman and political economist.

The candid and intelligent reader *who has no stock in the road, and who extends no patronage to it*, will find it easy to comprehend what is here written ; while those who *have an interest in the road, and occasionally take excursions upon it, and especially those who are within the ring of the corporation*, will find it difficult to understand the meaning of the volume, as persons who suppose themselves to have beautiful features sometimes find it hard to believe their own eyes when looking into the face of the person who always confronts them in a looking-glass.

The Black-Valley Country is situated in an extensive lowland, lying between an elevated

and extremely fertile and beautiful region bounding it upon its upper limits and a vast and unexplored desert forming its lower boundary. The country lying above it, and forming its upper boundary, is called Fountainland, from its great abundance of water. Cascades and waterfalls are numerous ; so that the whole country can be irrigated and enriched by an abundant supply of the purest water. Living springs are found in every part of the land, forming multitudes of rivulets, which, uniting, flow into and form at last what is known as the great *Crystal-Water River*, of which the reader will learn more in the progress of this volume.

In the vicinity of the streams and lakes of Fountainland, numerous flourishing villages and large cities have been built up. These places are all famous for the health and thrift and enterprise and good character of their inhabitants. Wealth, too, abounds ; and nearly all the people live in their own houses in a state

of comparative independence. The morals and good order of the place are such, that no police force is required for the protection of life and property. Prisons, almshouses, and lunatic hospitals, are entirely unknown. The taxes levied upon the people are principally for the support of educational institutions and the general improvement of the country. A case of delirium tremens is never known; and no native-born drunkard is ever seen in the place.

One section of this Fountainland is occupied by emigrants from the Black-Valley Country, who have removed there on account of the excellence and abundance of the water, as well as the good effects of it upon themselves and their families. These emigrants have built up many flourishing villages upon the banks of the Crystal-Water River. Before their removal from the Black-Valley Country, they were extremely poor, as well as low in the scale of civilization. Their houses were

mostly wretched hovels, into which all the winds and rains of heaven had the freest access. Rags and demolished hats supplied the place of window-glass; while clapboards, dangling by a single nail, clattered doleful music to all the storms which prevailed without and within. In process of time, these emigrants became the most ardent admirers of the institutions, laws, and customs of Fountainland, and supplied much valuable information and efficient aid to the explorers and invaders of the Black-Valley Country, as will appear in the sequel.

On its lower limits, the Black-Valley Country is bounded by a vast desert, whose inhabitants are continually wandering in dry places, seeking rest, and finding none. Over this desert thick clouds are always gathering and rolling, indicating approaching storms and tempests. Winds war with winds, and storms howl to storms; while forked lightnings cross,

and thunders mutter sounds of sullen wrath. It is "a land of darkness as darkness itself," where no light comes save what the lurid flames of the volcano at the end of the road "cast pale and dreadful." It is sometimes called Tophet, from its resemblance to an ancient place of that name, where "the breath of the Lord, like a stream of brimstone, doth kindle the flame." Here are continents of desert gloom, where every thing is in a state of disorder, beyond the bounds of light and life and love; "where gravitation, shifting, turns the other way," forever drawing men from all that is good. It is a place of outer darkness, where there is weeping and wailing, and gnashing of teeth, and where all shapes and forms and modes of wretchedness are gathered. Here are dogs and sorcerers and whoremongers and murderers and idolaters, and whatsoever loveth and maketh a lie.

Here is the worm that dieth not, and the fire

that is not quenched. Here is found the reptile whose tooth is like the "cruel venom of asps, and which, at the last, biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

The number of travellers passing annually through the Black-Valley Country into these lower regions beyond is estimated at from sixty to a hundred thousand.

One of the most noticeable characteristics of the inhabitants is *their aversion to water*. Though water can be easily procured, the people seem quite disinclined to use it, even for purposes of irrigation. In some cases they have such a horror of it, that symptoms of hydrophobia have been indicated at the appearing of a watering-cart on the dry and dusty streets of some of their cities in the lower portions of the country.

Another remarkable fact about the inhabitants is, that not one of the vast population of

the country *was born in the land*. They have all gone down upon the Black-Valley Railroad ; and their aversion to water is commonly attributed to the effect of travel on that road.





CHAPTER. II.

Shows where Travellers get themselves ready for their Departure to the Black-Valley Country, and what Efforts have been made to demolish the Great Depot at that Place.

AS the traveller enters the country, the first thing which arrests his attention is the smokiness of the atmosphere and the great scarcity of pure water. The effect of this condition of the air is, commonly, to produce a nausea, and sense of uneasiness; so that travellers are not unfrequently induced to return. If this nausea is overcome, the condition of the air soon ceases to be noticed; and at length travellers come to prefer a smoky to a clear atmosphere. This phenomenon is peculiar to the country. Many

philosophical explanations have been given of it; the most plausible of which is, that the smoke of the country affects the brain, and puts travellers into a dreamy state, and more especially young travellers, who are often made to feel that their ability to overcome the nausea which they experienced on entering the country is an evidence of a capacity for something promising in the future. The first place of magnitude which the traveller enters, as he advances, is

SIPPINGTON,

the great upper terminus of the Black-Valley Railroad. Here a vast population, mostly of young people, are busy in *getting ready* to emigrate to the *Black-Valley Country*. The population of the place is estimated at two millions. Every year, great numbers come in from the country above; and, were it not for the fact that they soon leave to go farther, the place would be overflowing with its inhabitants.

Boys and young men come to this place in vast numbers; and it is a striking peculiarity of the place, that few middle-aged or old men are seen here. They that come pass on quickly to the places below; and thronging ranks come in after them.

Upon several occasions, this place has been attacked with the design of destroying it. Once its inhabitants were principally driven out: so that for nearly twenty years the great dépôt, at one time more splendid than the famous Crystal Palace, was in a dilapidated condition; and for a long time it was thought it would fall down. This state of things was brought about by persuading young people not to enter the place, and the inhabitants to return to the country from which they came. Several famous *trumpeters* were sent down from Fountainland to rouse the people to a sense of their danger. These trumpeters blew a blast so loud, that many of the inhabitants

were frightened. *Ticket-masters* in the great dépôt thought the judgment-day had come, the blast was so long and loud, and made such a dreadful sound in their ears. Many left the place, never to return. At the first sound of the trumpet, they fled in haste; and many of them became trumpeters themselves; and all, uniting together, sounded such an alarm, that the houses in the place shook, and the great dépôt of the Black-Valley Railroad was shattered as if it had been struck by lightning. Some of these trumpeters were men of renown; and, when they sounded their trumpets, the blast woke up whole neighborhoods and townships. In some instances, this blast was known to start men to their feet from a deep sleep.

Each of these trumpeters had his peculiar gift, and each one a trumpet according to his taste. These trumpets were of iron and brass and silver; and, when they sounded together,





could be heard at a great distance ; and the sound was very terrible, especially to the masters of the dépôts upon the Black-Valley Road. In many instances, they were induced to abandon their business by reason of the *shaking* that came upon them when they heard the sound of these trumpets. At *Sippington* the alarm was almost universal ; so that whole families in great numbers were induced to leave the town forever.

While the aforesaid trumpeters were sounding alarms, and persuading the inhabitants of *Sippington* to abandon the place and remove to *Fountainland*, they were greatly surprised at the appearance of a company of old travellers upon the Black-Valley Road, who united with them in their attempts to alarm the *Sippingtonians*. These travellers bore witness to the truth of what the trumpeters declared. They said they were all originally from *Sippington*, having commenced their travels in

the Black-Valley Country at that place. These travellers were from all the places upon the Black-Valley Road. The men from *Topersville* spoke earnestly of the mischiefs which *Sippington* had done to them; and their fiery faces imparted impressiveness to their words. From *Rowdyville*, *Quarrelville*, and *Fightington*, the men with faces bruised and battered gave in similar testimony. From *Beggarstown*, *Prisonton*, *Deliriumton*, and *Demonland*, the testimony was the same; all uniting in declaring that the great Black-Valley Country was inhabited by those who had gone down to those regions from *Sippington*.

Among this company were some from the very lower regions of the country in which the road terminates. Some of these declared that they had seen the volcano at the end of it, and that the hissing and thundering of its fiery flood could be heard for many miles, and was enough to appall the stoutest heart. Some even

declared that they had seen the prince of the country hovering among the flames which shot up from the burning mountain at the end of the road.

For a long time it was hoped that the great dépôt at *Sippington* would never be repaired, and that the place would go to decay. But, as soon as the trumpeters stopped sounding the alarm, the dépôt began to be repaired, and the place to be rebuilt; and now it is said that the business of the Black-Valley Road is again in a prosperous condition, and that the prince of the Black-Valley Country and proprietor and keeper of the great dépôt at the lower terminus of the road is enjoying as much satisfaction in contemplating the prosperity of his business as the nature of the case will allow. The reader will hear more of this place by and by, when the plan for attacking and demolishing it shall be made known.



CHAPTER III.

Shows how Excursionists for Health found themselves ticketed in the Wrong Direction, —Tippleton and Topersville.

MEDICINEVILLE.

THIS is a flourishing village within the limits of Sippington, and is regarded as the court end of the town. Multitudes of travellers on the *Black-Valley Railroad* take their tickets at this place. Fancy-tickets for excursionists are sold here in great numbers, the purchasers being informed that short trips upon the road are healthful as well as exhilarating. By reason of these representations, invalids are so frequently persuaded to make excursions, that special trains,

called the *invalid-trains*, start from this place. It is a favorite dépôt for *young ladies*, who come to this village in great numbers to take the invalid-trains, which are commonly much crowded during the seasons when the *Black-Valley Railroad* is doing the most profitable business. The invalid-trains are fitted up with special accommodations for the class of travellers who patronize them. Seats and sleeping-apartments are so constructed that travellers are made as comfortable as possible, especially during the first part of the journey: indeed, some are made so happy, that they sing and dance as the train bears them along; and it is reported that some have been so happy that they leaped from the train. These accidents have commonly happened at or near *Idiot Flats*; when the condition of travellers is frequently such, that they are ready for the most daring feats.

Persons who have given attention to the

matter are of the opinion that multitudes of those that are thrown out of the trains along the track of the road are thrown from the *invalid-trains*, all of which start from Medicineville. It is a noticeable fact, too, in regard to travellers from this village, that they appear less healthful as they advance on the road; and that, while they think their excursions are improving their health, the evidence becomes abundant that health is departing just in proportion to the speed of the trains in which they travel.

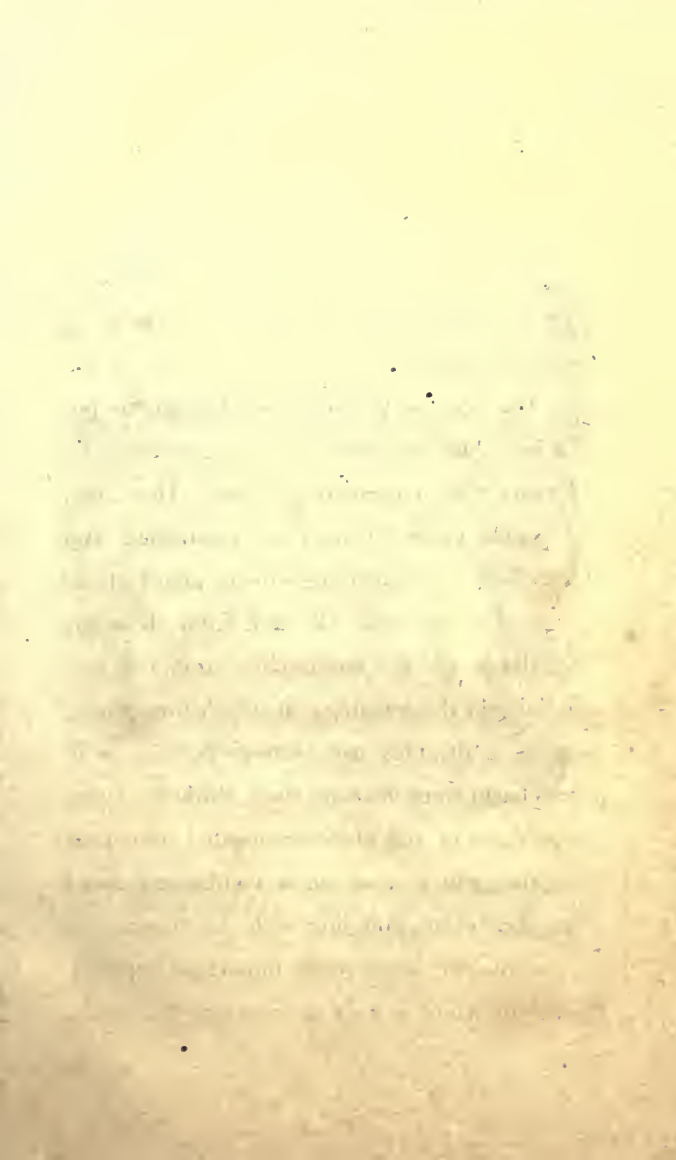
Another noticeable thing about the invalid-trains is, that travellers often have the company of their physicians. Some of these *traveling physicians* are also large stockholders in the road, and have built splendid country-seats in Medicineville out of their profits on the *sale of tickets to invalids*. In some cases, vast fortunes have been suddenly accumulated in this way. Among the numerous conspicuous build-

ings in Medicineville is one, over the principal entrance of which is painted in large characters S-T 1860 X. The proprietors of this establishment have succeeded by their enterprise in enticing multitudes to purchase excursion-tickets, many of which have taken the purchasers to *Idiot Flats*, and even to the "great bonfire" at the lower terminus of the road. The success of this establishment has led many others to remove to Medicineville, and establish themselves in the same line of business.

TIPPLETON.

is the third great dépôt upon the *Black-Valley Road*. Its vicinity to *Sippington* and *Medicineville*, and the similarity of its social customs, have perpetuated a friendly intercourse between the inhabitants of the two places. So great is the similarity of the places, that the traveller is not always aware when he passes from one to the other; and the inhabitants themselves seem

not to be aware of the exact place of the boundary-line. Along this line they are continually intermingling, and keeping up the most friendly intercourse ; and it is not until the traveller has got into the midst of the place that he is made aware of his progress. At the centre of the town the faces of the inhabitants begin to put on a fiery hue, and the tongue to give forth its utterance with a peculiar glibness. Here, too, the people begin to have an unsatisfied and thirsty look ; and drinking-saloons arrest attention in all the streets. To and from these saloons the people are continually thronging, and especially in the evening ; at which time young men in multitudes are seen gathering, as if some charm were drawing them thither. Upon the outskirts of this place are located numerous breweries, which send up a continuous cloud of smoke, which, mingling with the miasmas of the neighboring swineyards, impart an impurity to the air which is very detrimental to health,





A Sippington gentleman rebukes a Topersville man for traveling on the Black Valley Road, who replies, "only a little ahead of you, sir." p. 33.

in many cases laying the foundation of the most fatal diseases.

A noticeable peculiarity of this place is, that the people generally deny the name of their town, and contend that they belong within the limits of Fountainland ; inasmuch as they use all the good things of God temperately, and with thanksgiving, as all grateful people should, who enjoy so many blessings from their breweries and drinking-saloons.

TOPERSVILLE

is the fourth place of importance in the Black-Valley Country. The appearance of the place distinguishes it at once from the places above it on the Great Central Road. The faces of the inhabitants look fiery and fierce ; the eye is red and inflamed, as if continued watching without sleep were the business of the people ; the tongue, too, moves irregularly, clipping its words into all manner of abbreviations, and mov-

ing with surprising speed and volubility, so that with the utmost care it is often impossible to extract any meaning from the flood of words which is poured forth. The principal characteristic of this place is the number of its *taverns* and other liquor-selling establishments.





CHAPTER IV.

Drunkard's Curve the last Stopping-Place of the Trains. — Through Tickets. — Express-Trains. — Alarmists with Red Flags. — Travellers leaving the Trains. — Mr. Konshunts throws Arrows into the Sleeping-cars. — Old Boy on the Engine.

DRUNKARD'S CURVE

IS the last stopping-place upon the road. The annual number of arrivals at this place is estimated at six hundred thousand.* Here the long trains for the through route are all made up; and all who do not leave the cars at or before they arrive at this place are understood to be ticketed for the end of the road.

* U. S. Branch.

At this point all the branches of the Black-Valley Road make their junction for the great *through* routes. These branches are constructed from the outskirts of Sippington, for the accommodation of its rapidly-increasing population. They run nearly parallel to the main road, coming together at this junction. Here the through express-trains are made up, and passengers begin to take their through tickets; and it is found that most persons who come to this place go on to the end of the road, unless their money fails so that they cannot maintain the style of genteel travellers, when they are thrown out by the conductors at Beggarstown and other places upon the road. At this junction immense quantities of freight and baggage are taken in. The excitement which arises from the coming-together of so many travellers seems to create a good fellowship, which is found to be favorable to the sale of through tickets, and also to the obtaining of

freight and baggage for the road. In the good cheer that prevails, travellers sometimes dispose of every thing that they possess, exchanging it for whole packages of tickets, to be given away even to strangers, if they will consent to travel in company with them. By this social influence, many are persuaded to continue their travels who otherwise would be persuaded to return by the Fountainland stages, which are always stationed at this place. Many, too, who have never travelled on this road are persuaded by the strong social influences of the place, and the good companionship of travellers, to go into the saloons of the trains; where they sometimes find themselves moving in a direction that they had not intended, and at length, when too late, learn that they are ticketed for the *Black - Valley Country*. By this social influence, the great company of gamblers, who are authorized freight-agents and baggage-masters of the road, are able to carry on to great advantage

their operations, in connection with which vast quantities of baggage, as well as its owners, are taken in for the through route.

- The curve which the road makes at this point is very sharp, and runs along the edge of a frightful chasm, into which whole trains are often thrown as they sweep around this sudden bend. Here begin to be seen the bruised and wounded and dead that have been thrown out of the trains which have gone down over the road.

Soon after leaving this station, the trains plunge into a horrible thicket, from which wolfish faces are seen peering out; and huge serpents are seen coiling around the mutilated bodies of those which have been thrown out along the road. Beyond, the country looks black and stormy; so that travellers who have come down to this place sometimes become alarmed, and are often persuaded to leave the trains.

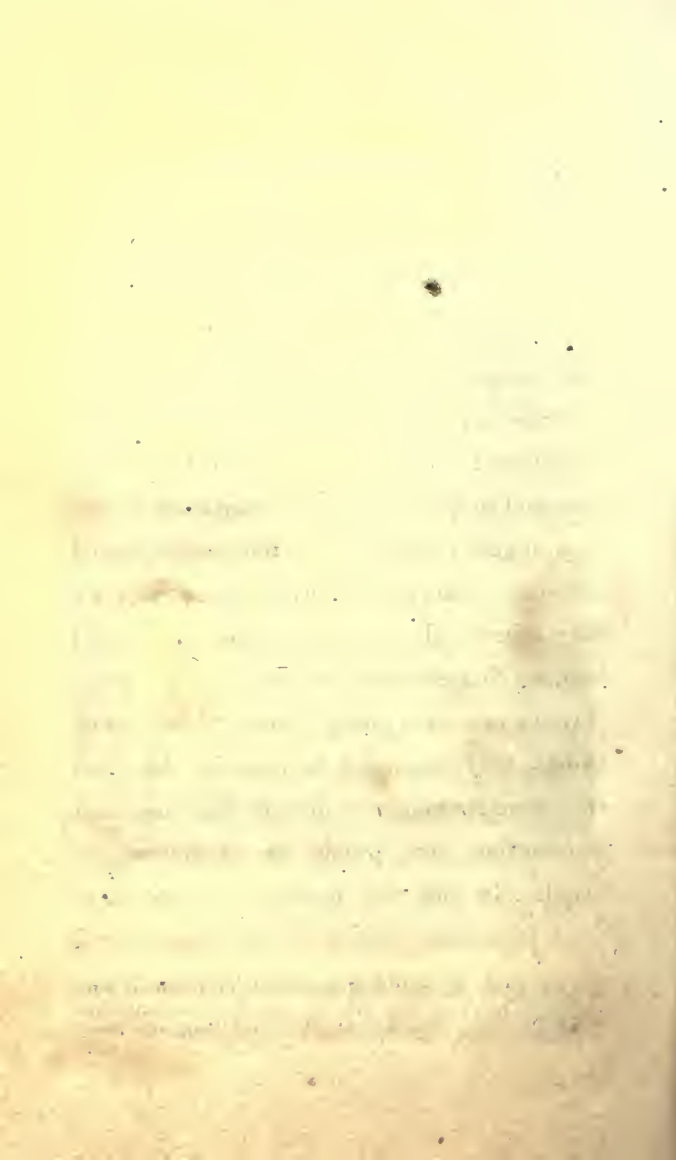
For the accommodation of this class of travellers, a line of stages to all the villages in Fountainland has been established. The proprietors of these stages have established this line from purely benevolent motives, and offer a free pass to all travellers ; and, in order the more effectually to secure patronage, they employ a large number of persons to alarm travellers, and persuade them to abandon this road. Flag-men are stationed here, who keep up a continual waving of flags in the daytime, and of colored lights in the night. Upon some of the flags very significant mottoes are printed, such as "Smash-up ahead !" "Drawbridge up !" "Leap for your lives !" &c. While these flag-men are displaying their flags and red lights, they are in the habit of calling with loud voices, and blowing trumpets, and ringing bells as the trains approach, so as to alarm all passengers, by warning them of their danger, and especially for the purpose of waking up any who may be sleeping.

On account of these demonstrations by the stage-men, a conflict is sometimes brought on between them and the conductors and stockholders of the road. The Black-Valley Roadmen complain that the stage-men are interfering with their business. They call them noisy fanatics, and disturbers of peaceful and inoffensive travellers, who have a right to travel undisturbed where and on what road they please. Mr. Konshunts, an old enemy to the road, is particularly offensive to the Black-Valley men at this place, and all the stations above. Complaint is made that his voice sometimes shakes the whole train, and makes men jump from a sound sleep, and is particularly offensive to passengers in the sleeping-cars, who are made to dream that their pillows are thunderbolts. The stockholders especially complain that his voice is insufferable, and that all quiet sleep is impossible while he is permitted to keep up his noise. They complain, too, that he has darts;



A Black Valley Railroad gentleman on receiving a note inviting him to a free ride in the Fountainland Stage, makes an earnest speech about the meddlesome fanatics.

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which he frequently throws into the trains in such a careless way that gentlemen of wealth and the highest standing are sometimes badly wounded. On account of this annoyance, several attempts have been made to dispose of him, and get him out of the way.

Bribes have been offered; and, when they have been rejected, they have attempted to drug him, and so quiet his noise. Free rides on the road in good company, — as they call it, — and a free use of the good things in the saloon, have been offered. In some cases, they blindfolded him, so that he could not see plainly which way the cars were going. In this condition of things, they attempted to persuade him that they were running *up trains* on the road, and transporting sick people on excursions for health. In this way he was sometimes kept quiet for a time; but when the blindfold fell off, so that he could see which way the trains were moving, and discovered that they all went

down, and none up, he would set up his noise with redoubled energy, so that passengers sometimes thought that a thunder-storm was gathering.

“What do you think you shall accomplish by your everlasting clamor and noise?” said a Black-Valley man to Mr. Konshunts, calling to him from a splendid train which was passing by. “Do you think you can stop us, or throw our trains from the track? Do you think that a business out of which vast fortunes are made, and by which multitudes are raised from poverty to affluence, will be abandoned on account of such slight annoyances as you are able to practise upon us? Will the multitude of travellers, many of whom are sleeping quietly in the cars that have been provided for their comfort, thank you for rousing them from their pleasant slumbers?”

“I am not certain,” replied Mr. Konshunts, “that I shall accomplish any thing by my

clamor and noise, as you call it; and I am aware that the conductors and stockholders of your road, and many of the travellers upon it, are not in the habit of regarding my noise; but I must do my duty in this matter. The number of my friends, too, is rapidly increasing; and we are determined to do what we can to prevent travel upon your road. In former times, we persuaded multitudes to quit it, and take our stages; and these multitudes poured blessings upon us for what we did for them. Upon the banks of the beautiful river to which our stages run, we built up a great city, which abounded in schools and churches and wealth and comfort, and became at length one of the wonders of the world. Whole families which left your road in rags and wretchedness went to that city, and built them houses, and lived in comfort and respectability. Many of them not only left your road, but they left that 'broad road' by the side of which yours runs, and

have gone to the city through which runs the river of the water of Life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and the Lamb.

“In view of our great success when we first began our remonstrance and clamor against your road, we propose to renew it with redoubled energy. A great cloud of witnesses, made up of those who were saved by us, now call us to renew our efforts to persuade travellers to leave it, and take our stages to that river upon the banks of which is built that beautiful city, which proved a city of refuge to so many who, at our call, abandoned forever your road. I shall, therefore,” said Mr. Konshunts in conclusion, “continue to keep up what you call my clamor and noise. I shall also throw my darts among you; and, though I know that many of you are harnessed in the hardest mail, I shall hope that some of them will pierce the joints in your harness. At all

points upon the road you will hear my voice, if you have ears to hear; and, if you have not, I am sure you will feel some of my darts; for they will be sharper and more numerous as you proceed. At Hornetsnest Thicket, that place on your road where sleep is so apt to forsake all travellers; I shall shower my arrows thick and fast, and so barbed that some of you will exclaim, "The arrows of the Almighty are within me, the poison whereof drinketh up my spirit;" for that is the place where I am especially commissioned to meet you with messages from him whose servant I am. At Screech-Owl Forest, too, you will hear my voice; which I am sure will be a dreadful sound in your ears, as the ill-boding birds of that dismal place are in league with me against your business, and will sing to you in tones that will drive sleep far away. At Thunderland also you will hear my voice; which will remind you of the 'harsh thunder'

of the gates of that prison towards which you are carrying your victims. At Stormland, too, you will hear it, as if a thousand storms were speaking to you in voices of warning and remonstrance, and pouring hailstones and coals of fire upon you. At Whirlwind Crossing I shall roar in your ears, and make all your trains tremble as they labor on towards their plunge into the great gulf at the end of the road.

When Mr. Konshunts had concluded his speech, the Black-Valley man "grinned horribly, a ghostly smile," saying, "I wonder if that old croaker thinks he shall frighten us while moving on in this splendid train? I wish he would lay himself across the track, and try to stop us in that way, instead of throwing these arrows." And, calling to the fireman, they said, "Stir up the fire, 'old boy!' and let us be getting out of the noise of this old tormenter, who has been troubling us all the way to this place, and

whose arrows are beginning to fall in showers along the track, and who intimates to us that the very forces of nature are in league with him against our business."






CHAPTER V.

*Noted Places in the Black-Valley Country
which have been built up and are kept in
a Flourishing Condition by the Enterprise
of the Black-Valley Railroad.*

ROWDYVILLE

S situated upon the outskirts of the great Black-Valley Forest, which extends from Drunkard's Curve to the lower boundary of the country. This forest is remarkable for the fact, that none of its trees seem to be standing erect. Fallen and falling trees are the first objects noticed ; and, as the observer draws near, his attention is arrested by the coiling of huge serpents around the young trees, many of which seem to be bending and breaking. Hungry and wolfish faces,

too, can be seen peering out from what seems to be a thorn-hedge, extending along the edge of the forest.

As the trains of the Black-Valley Road enter this forest, these hungry faces seem to be lighted up with a smile, as if the trains were bringing something to appease the hunger which they indicate. The bending of the young trees, too, as if a strong wind were blowing among their tops, indicates unusual activity among the causes which are known to bend and break down so many of their number. These indications impart a peculiar gloominess and terror to the forest; so much so, that none can be persuaded to enter it except travellers upon the Black-Valley Road. To them is imparted a courage which seems to be the result of their travel; and the serpents whose coils are bending the trees, and the hungry monsters that are feeding upon the half-dead bodies that have been thrown from the trains,

seem not to alarm them: indeed, at times they appear to be pleased with what they see around them, and to admire their own courage and strength of mind in being able to witness these things without fear.

The first indication of the approach of the train to Rowdyville is a confused noise, which can be heard at a considerable distance. This noise grows louder as the trains approach, and is soon discovered to be the noise of a great multitude in a row. As the trains shoot by this place, some are always thrown out of the saloons of the cars for becoming disorderly and making disturbance and noise. These ejected passengers make up the great multitude whose noise is heard as the trains enter the Black-Valley Forest. A large proportion of them are young men; whose money having failed, and whose friends at the bar of the saloon having also failed, have been given to understand that their room is now better than their company.

As they have struck the ground at the place of their ejection, many of them have been made to feel such a sense of their whereabouts as to fill them with anger at the conductors of the road ; and it not unfrequently happens, that the curses of the whole multitude are poured upon the road and its managers for having brought them to this place.

FIGHTINGTON

has a large population ; and, were it not for the absence of all uniform and the very unmilitary *walk* of its inhabitants, they would be taken for old soldiers just returned from many hard-fought battles. † The wounds of these people seem to be mostly about their eyes ; where the settled blood indicates concussions of much severity, as if the bricks from the sidewalks had leaped from their places, and struck them in the head. In some cases, huge gashes in the

face indicate that severe battles have been fought with the curb-stones ; which it is supposed have attacked them when they were ejected from the trains that brought them to this place. Sometimes scratches upon the face indicate that the fighting has been of a domestic character, and that the wives of these men have entered the lists with such weapons as have been convenient for self-defence. It is related of one of the inhabitants, that he was attacked by the pump, while on his way home in the night, and that the handle of the pump struck him severely on the head ; whereupon he turned upon the pump, and gave it such punishment with his fists, that the pump bore marks of blood for many weeks afterwards.

BROTHELTON

is situated on an extensive lake of black mire near the Black-Valley Railroad, called *Debauch Slough*. When approached, it has the appear-

ance of a placid sea ; upon the shores of which the eye seems to discover pleasant arbors and flowery groves. This slough extends along the track of the road as far as the eye can see. At the head of the slough no current can be perceived ; but, farther down, a strong current is revealed, which, flowing more and more rapidly, at length bears every thing before it. As this current sweeps on, it forms whirlpools and eddies, and at length plunges into a deep gorge, over which hang mists and clouds that no eye can penetrate. Deceived by appearances, multitudes who come down upon the Black-Valley Road are persuaded to embark in pursuit of pleasure upon this dangerous sea ; and, ere they are aware, its eddies and currents bear them rapidly along toward the boiling chasm, into which the turbid waters plunge at the lower terminus of the lake. Of the numbers that are destroyed at this slough no accurate estimate can be made ; though it is

well ascertained that the average length of the life of pleasure-seekers here is three and a half years, and that the deaths which they die are sad and terrible, for that "they mourn at the last, when the flesh and the body are consumed." It is also asserted upon the highest authority, that "none that go there return again, neither take they hold on the path of life;" yea, that it is "the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death."

A great king once embarked upon this slough; and the remembrance of it caused him much suffering during his whole life. When he felt himself going down, he cried, "I sink in deep mire, where there is no standing;" and, when he was saved, he rewarded the deed of kindness with an overflowing heart, saying, "He sent from above: he took me; he drew me out of many waters." As soon as he was lifted from the slough, he exclaimed, "Wash me thoroughly;" "Purge me with hyssop:"

and, from that time henceforth, he seems to have had a horror of that place.

BEGGARSTOWN.

This is one of the largest places upon the road. The number of its inhabitants is estimated at *four hundred thousand*; and the number is constantly kept good by the Black-Valley Road, all of whose trains throw out more or less at this place, as they pass. Some of those that are thrown out are in a most shocking condition. In all cases they come down in rags and wretchedness, being destitute of clothing and food. In many cases they are sick from their long and uncomfortable rides and destitution of food, as only liquor can be procured at the saloons in the trains, and that of a quality very detrimental to health. In other cases those who are thrown out are badly wounded, and need the most careful attendance to keep them alive. In some cases they sur-

vive their fall but a short time, so great is the shock as they strike the ground. This shock is greater to those who have formerly lived in affluence, and who have come down on the road in the splendid express-trains. They had no thought of going to this place when they took the cars at Sippington ; and, as they have been carried along, they have had no idea of their progress, or even the direction in which they were going, until they began to feel the iron hands of the conductors as they were thrown from the trains. As they woke to a realization of their condition, and the destitution and horrors of the place, and a sense of the great change which had come over them as memory went back to the time of their prosperity, it has seemed as if they would sink down in death.

One of the most painful things witnessed at this dépôt of the Black-Valley Road is the number of children who are brought along in





A FAMILY SCENE near Beggarstown. A father is going to sell the children's pet lamb for tickets on the Black Valley Road.—p. 57.

the arms of their parents, and flung out with them at this point. These children are often very promising; and as they grow up, and come at length to see where they are, and to know what brought them there, they have a sense of injury done to them which stings them to the quick.

“Mother,” said a bright little girl, who was calling to mind the pleasant scenes of better days, — “Mother, how came we in this horrible place? Why did we not continue to live in the beautiful house which we occupied at Fountainland, when we were all happy, and had enough to eat and drink and wear? Why did we leave that pleasant country, where I went to school and to the house of God, where pleasant friends called to see us at our own house, and seemed to respect and love us so much? O mother! I am distressed as I go around this dreary place, and see so many in rags, and hear so many people crying for

bread. I feel like crying too ; not only because I pity them, but because I feel hunger and destitution myself: and I cannot but feel that there is some great wrong in my being here. What have I done that my former playmates should now despise me, and refuse to be my companions? I remember I once had good clothes and shoes, now only a ragged dress and a torn bonnet and bare feet. O mother ! do tell me about this, and let me go back to the place from which we have moved ! ”

At the conclusion of this speech, the mother was sobbing as if her heart would break ; and the tears fell like showers, coursing down over her careworn face.

“ O my child ! ” she replied, amid sobs of grief, “ I cannot tell you all about the cause of our coming to this place, and what has happened to us on our way here. You love your father ; and it would break your heart to know all about what has happened to our family. I

can only tell you, that you and I and all of us came to this place on that dreadful road which has brought so many besides us here also. Near to our beautiful house was a fashionable dépôt on that road. Your father was tempted to travel on that road ; and the result is, we are all here. We are a family, and could not be separated, and can only look to God for help in our great trouble. We are suffering for that for which we are not to blame ; and I am sure the conductors and stockholders of the road that has brought us here will have a dreadful account to render by and by. I think they will pray for the rocks and mountains to fall on them, for keeping up that road which brought your father, and all of us, and all these poor children and their fathers, down into this Black Valley."

In order to convey those who are thrown out from the numerous daily trains to the buildings prepared for their reception, a large number of ambulances is required. On the

arrival of the trains, these ambulances are driven to the great dépôt; and the ejected men, women, and children are gathered up. Sometimes strings of ambulances extending more than ten miles are seen moving from the dépôt. The number of attendants, including nurses and physicians, is many thousands. The annual cost of maintaining this vast establishment is *twenty-seven millions of dollars*, for which a tax is levied upon the whole community.

PRISONTON.

The appearance of this place, when seen at a distance, is like that of a fortified city. Walls of solid granite, upon the top of which sentinels are continually moving to and fro, extend quite around the place. Were it not for the grated appearance of the embrasures, and the not very military movement of the sentinels, strangers in approaching would take it for a vast fortification, large enough for the

encampment and manœuvring of an army. The population of the place is estimated at *one hundred thousand*. The number residing here is continually varying, as the business of the Black-Valley Railroad is prosperous or otherwise: indeed, the road may be said to have built the place, as full *three-fourths* of its population have come down to the place upon it. It is known, too, that, when any branch of the aforesaid road is for any reason obstructed, the population of the place decreases according to the decrease of the business of the road. When the trumpeters of which we have spoken aroused the people of Fountainland to attack and demolish the great dépôt at Sippington, and tear up the track of the road, this place was the principal sufferer. Whole precincts in the place were for a time almost deserted. In one section, known as the Maine precinct, it was ascertained that the stopping of the trains of the Black-Valley Road for a

short time was followed by a great decrease of population: so much so, that many lodging-houses and workshops were deserted, and remained in that condition until the repairing of the road and the rebuilding of the great dépôt at the head of that branch; when the place began again to be filled up with travellers, who came down in great numbers to the old deserted lodgings and workshops.

The one hundred thousand men and women of the place are furnished with lodgings and care at the expense of the government. They wear a uniform, so as to be distinguished from all outsiders and untravelled gentlemen not belonging to their school; so that they can be easily found, in case they play truant.

A system of instruction is continually carried on, every thing in the place having reference to this. The very architecture of the place has a voice which speaks continually to all the inmates. The lofty corridors and symmetrical

lodging-rooms, rising tier above tier; the grated windows; the orderly movements; the footfall of sentinels, walking to and fro in the dim-lighted halls; the click of the hammers, under which the rude stones are putting on forms of beauty; the noise of the workshops, where busy hands are employed in useful labor; and, above all, the silent tears that may often be seen trickling down the faces of those who are at their busy toil, as if thoughts of home and friends and better days were thronging into the soul, — all these things are continually imparting salutary lessons.

At times, too, a solemn and silent lesson is imparted from a platform erected for that purpose; where some inmate, with hands "thicker than themselves with brothers' blood," comes forth with surroundings such as cannot fail to make an impression, and is launched into eternity as a warning to all travellers upon the Black-Valley Road.

DELIRIUMTON

is situated far down towards the lower regions of the Black-Valley Country. Its vicinity to this lower boundary renders it constantly accessible to the inhabitants of that land of darkness; who frequently visit it in order to torment before their time those who have come so near their place of misery. The distinguishing characteristic of the place is, that all its inhabitants seem to be possessed by demons; who drive them into dens and caves, lacerate them with wounds, and make them a terror to all around them. Snakes and monsters, —

“Gorgans and Hydras and Chimeras dire,”

seem to be in pursuit of them, so that the air is always filled with shrieks of distress. Ghosts, too, abound; and the people are always in a state of alarm lest something terrible should happen to them. Many who have come to this

land of horrors have been heard in their wild delirium to exclaim, —

Lost, lost ! I know forever lost !
To me no ray of hope can come !
My fate is sealed ; my doom is —
But give me rum : I will have rum !
But, doctor, don't you see *him* there ?
In that dark corner, low he sits.
See how he sports his fiery tongue,
And at me burning brimstone spits !

Go chase him out ! look, here he comes !
Now in my bed he wants to stay :
He sha'n't be there ! O God ! O God !
Go 'way, I say ! go 'way, go 'way !
Quick ! chain me fast, and tie me down !
There, now : he clasps me in his arms !
Down, down the window ! close it tight !
Say, don't you hear my wild alarms ?

Say, don't you see this demon fierce ?
Does no one hear ? Will no one come ?
Oh, save me, save me ! I will give, —
But rum ! I must have, will have, rum !

Ah ! now he's gone ; once more I'm free :
He, the boasting knave and liar, —
He said that he would take me off
Down to — but there, my bed's on fire !

Fire ! water ! help ! come, haste — I'll die !
Come, take me from this burning bed !
The smoke ! I'm choking ; cannot cry !
There now, it's catching at my head !
But see ! again that demon's come !
Look ! there he peeps through yonder glass :
Mark how his burning eyeballs flash !
How fierce he grins ! What brought him back ?

There stands his burning coach of fire !
He smiles, and beckons me to come
What are those words he's written there ?
" In hell we'll never want for rum ! "
One loud, one piercing shriek was heard, —
One yell rang out upon the air ;
One sound, and one alone, came forth, —
The victim's cry of wild despair.

Why longer wait ? I'm ripe for hell :
A spirit's sent to bear me down.

There in the regions of the lost
I sure will wear a fiery crown.
Damned I know without a hope !
(One moment more, and then I'll come.)
And there I'll quench my awful thirst
With boiling, burning, fiery rum.*

MANIACVILLE

is in the immediate vicinity of Deliriumton. The boundary-line between the two places has never been settled ; and travellers often pass from one place into the other without being aware of it. The peculiarity of the people of *Maniacville* is, that they are permanently settled, so that they never remove from the place : whereas the people of Deliriumton are frequently carried to their homes by the Fountainland stages, where they commonly remain during life, unless some ticket-broker of the Black-Valley Road persuades them to an excursion ; when they

* By Joseph Allison.

return quickly to the place, sometimes shooting by it with such speed that they arrive at Maniacville, where all efforts to bring them back are unavailing, and where they are left to die amid the horrors of the place.

DEMONLAND

is situated in a deep and gloomy ravine, where no ray of the sun ever comes. High and frowning mountains enclose it on all sides. The mountains are entirely destitute of all vegetation ; and not a flower can be found growing among the clefts of the rocks. At times the winds can be heard sighing and roaring among the crags of the mountains, sounding as if fiends were shrieking in the air. The continued absence of the sun's direct rays imparts a peculiar gloominess to the place. The houses are for the most part in a dilapidated condition, and to the eye seem as if they had received a coating of black paint, so deep are





A family scene at Demonland. Children remonstrating with their father against the sale of their mother's clock for tickets on the Black Valley Railroad. p. 69.

the shadows of the clouds which float and frown overhead. No smiles are ever seen in the faces of the inhabitants ; and deeds of darkness, such as no pen can describe or imagination paint, are committed here. The place seems to stand in the very precincts of hell ; and the stoutest hearts are appalled at what is seen and heard : so much so, that travellers on arriving, not unfrequently exclaim, —

“ Hell is empty ; and all the devils are here ! ”

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HORNETSNEST THICKET.

This place has received its name from the fact, that travellers on the Black-Valley Road, more especially stockholders and conductors, frequently experience a sensation similar to that of a sting on arriving at this point. Sometimes this sting is so severe, and felt by so many in the train, that a considerable commo-

tion is produced. Some say that that old tormentor Konshunts shoots poisoned arrows into the train at this place.

Not only those in the trains, but old travellers who have come down on the road and built their country-seats here, are annoyed in the same way. Though some of them live in fine houses, and are surrounded with appearances of affluence and comfort, they seem never to be happy. At times they are known to start and shriek and turn pale, as if stung by some invisible messenger.

In their dreams, too, they are frequently disturbed, and cry, "Avaunt, and quit my sight!" sometimes waking in a state of perspiration and trembling. "Did I murder your husband?" exclaimed one in his disturbed sleep. "Did I throw your family from the train at Beggarstown?" "Did I drive you from your beautiful cottage in Fountainland, and put upon you these rags, and give you that hag-

gard, careworn face?" Why do you point your skinny finger at me? I was only fireman upon the road on which your husband travelled into the Black-Valley Country. By my engine I supported my family, and accumulated the means of making them comfortable. Moreover, I have retired from the business in which I accumulated my wealth. And have I not fed the hungry, and given drink to the thirsty, and taken in the stranger? Why, then, should I be disturbed and stung by such compunctious visitings as yours?

"Bring me to my trial, if you will:

Died he not in his bed? Where should he die?

Can I make men live whether they will or no?

Oh! torture me no more: I will confess,

Alive again.

Comb down his hair: look, look, it stands upright,

Like lime-twigs set to catch my wingèd soul!

Give me some *drink!* and bid the apothecary

Bring me the strong poison that I brought him."

IDIOT FLATS

is a portion of the Black-Valley Country inhabited by a great company of *imbeciles*; who have become such by travel upon the Black-Valley Road, and who have been ejected at this place on account of their unfitness for the society of their fellow-beings. Nearly all of them have come to the place under the delusion that excursions upon that road were favorable to health and good cheer. The exhilaration produced by travel they have mistaken for intellectual activity; the sparks of the engine they have taken to be the scintillations of their own wit; and the sooty embers and smoke they have regarded as the brilliant coruscations of their genius.

The class of travellers who are bound for Idiot Flats can easily be distinguished by their appearance on the road. Their politeness is sometimes so excessive that they fall down in making bows; while at other times they are

ready to fight everybody with whom they meet, on account of some fancied insult. Their vacant countenances and lack-lustre eyes, as well as their general deportment, always indicate to all who observe them the place of their destination.

Multitudes of the children of travellers on the same road are found among the inhabitants of the place, having been born while their parents were at Topersville and other places upon the route.

GREAT DESERT

is a section of the Black-Valley Country extending many leagues along the track of the great thoroughfare to the volcano. It is a land of drought and dust and desolation. Neither tree nor shrub nor any green thing meets the eye of the traveller over this desert land. On account of the great drought and heat which constantly prevail, whirlwinds are frequently

formed; by which vast clouds of dust are carried across the desert, producing a condition of the atmosphere which not unfrequently causes death. Sometimes these whirlwinds are accompanied with terrific storms, with hail-stones, and coals of fire. The population of this desert is made up of Wanderers, Vagabonds, and Outcasts; who have been carried away from their homes and families upon the Black-Valley Railroad, and ejected at this place, so far from home and friends that all hope of their return is given up.

Beyond *Idiot Flats* and the great desert lies the Great Black Valley, — the land of gloom and darkness as darkness itself, stretching far away to the region of perpetual storms; where travellers learn when too late that the road upon which they have come down is a branch of the old "Broad Road," which terminates at the same place, designed and constructed by the prince of the Black-Valley Country, to swell the numbers,



An emigrant to the Black Valley Country meditating upon his folly. p. 74.



and hasten the speed, of travellers to his great reception-house at the end of the road : where, “grinning horribly with ghastly smiles,” he receives the innumerable company of fools and their companions, and those who have led them in their ways of folly, to the place prepared for them ; where their unavailing prayers for water, water, are offered in a “land where no water is.”

DEATH RIVER

rises near the upper terminus of the Black-Valley Railroad. It has two branches, one of them rising in *Sippington*, near the boundary-line ; the other in *Medicineville*, directly under the dépôt at that place. These, uniting, seem to run in the same direction with the *Crystal-Water River*. On this account it has been contended that its general course was nearly the same, and that, as its waters contained a certain exhilarating quality, they were to be preferred

to the waters of the aforesaid stream; but faithful explorations demonstrated, that this river soon diverges from the one to which it seems to run parallel, at first gradually, but soon rapidly, until its general course is in the *opposite direction*. As the river flows on, the quality of its waters is rapidly changed; until at length they become almost fatal, inducing malignant diseases, and in many instances death itself.

The lovers of the waters of this river have taken much pains to make them famous, and to build up villages upon its banks; but all these attempts have failed: and the course of the river can now be traced by the desolations of the country through which it passes, and the cloud of black fog which hangs continually over it to the place where it disappears in the clouds of smoke and lava, near the lower terminus of the Black-Valley Road. As this river diverges from the Crystal-Water River,

its waters grow more and more bitter as well as poisonous ; and the fog-cloud which hangs over it is charged with miasmas which produce the most pestilential diseases. As its waters are the cause of death to those who use them, and the receptacle of the dead who fall or are thrown into them, it has received the name of *Death River*.

All along the course of the river, the dead may be seen floating in ghastly forms upon its waters. As the river flows on, these bodies accumulate : so that at the mouth, where it flows close by the great Black-Valley Road, near its lower terminus, the accumulated dead present a sight most horrible to behold. By an examination of these bodies, it can be determined at what place they were thrown into the river. Those that have floated down from Fightington exhibit bruises and gashes indicative of the causes of their death. Those from Prisonton sometimes have ropes upon their necks ; and

their “gallows countenances” show plainly from whence they have come. The corpses from Beggarstown have their rags cleaving to them ; and the ghastly wounds of those from Demonland sometimes indicate the very instruments that were used to plunge them into the river.





CHAPTER VI.

Attempts to check the Business of the Black-Valley Road. — The Licensed Trains. — Mr. Chusetts and his Plantation.

WHEN it was found that the population of the Black-Valley Country was becoming very large, and the business of the road was rapidly increasing, and that the cloud which hung over the country was extending over the surrounding regions, fears began to prevail lest the whole neighborhood should come under the cloud. This fear was much increased when it was found that the cloud extended just in proportion to the increase of the business of the road. In consequence of this apprehension, a system of legislation was commenced, for the purpose of

checking the business of the road. One plan proposed was, to lay a heavy tax upon all who run trains over this road, and then give them a *license* to run as many trains as they chose; providing always that the cars should be in good order, and that none but respectable people should be permitted to travel in them, and that the cars should not run on Sundays or after ten o'clock at night. Conductors were also required to be men of standing and respectability. By this plan, it was thought that poor people would be prevented from travelling on the road; as they would not have the means of purchasing tickets at the high prices that they must be sold for. It was also thought that the licensed trains would *run into the unlicensed ones, and smash them up, or throw them from the track.*

When this plan was tried, it was found to work very differently from what was anticipated.

As the track run through a country that could not be easily watched and guarded, and which *was always kept in good running condition by the licensed trains, and travelling made respectable by the protection which the law gave it*, a vast multitude of adventurers were found to be running trains for the special accommodation of the poorer classes of travellers, who were not able to ride in the *licensed cars*. It was also found, that many of the travellers in the licensed cars were continually leaving them for the cheaper trains, especially towards the lower regions of the country. It was also found, that the licensed trains were continually running late at night, having contrived a plan for darkening the windows and muffling the wheels, so as to move without noise.

When the working of this system, after many experiments and observations, became understood, a law was passed authorizing *the tearing up of the track, and the total annihi-*

lation of the business of the road. The main point of the law was, that men should not run public trains for carrying travellers or freight over this road, and that the road itself, as a public road, should be destroyed. The law was carefully constructed, so as not to interfere with the rights of individuals who wished to travel in the Black-Valley Country. It only forbade the running of *public conveyances*, and did not prevent any from travelling in their own private conveyance on a private way clear to the volcano at the end of the road. They might even leap into the volcano; but they must not *make it a business to carry other people, and more especially with the protection and authority of law.*

Nearly upon the boundary-line between the Black-Valley Country and Fountainland was a large plantation, owned by a gentleman who bore the not very pleasant-sounding name of *Chusetts*. This gentleman was a friend to

virtue and good order. He was also friendly to all good enterprises. He took a great interest in schools, and established the first free school-system known in history. He was a friend of liberty, too, and was very apt to say severe things about those who deprived their fellow-men of their freedom.

His ancestors had fought and bled and died for liberty ; and, as they could not secure it, he fled from the country in which he was born, and, sailing across a wide sea, landed where the "breaking waves dashed high," and purchased his plantation mainly for the purpose of enjoying freedom to worship God as he chose, and make himself generally useful.

Soon after he had got his plantation in working order, he began to have trouble with the Black-Valley Railroad. The Black-Valley men on his plantation established several branch-roads, connecting with the great Central Road through the Black-Valley Country.

This was much against his approbation, and caused him a great deal of trouble. As he did not wish to infringe on the liberties of his boys, he did not at first absolutely forbid the running of these branches from his plantation. Finding that multitudes of his boys were going down to the Black-Valley Country upon this road, and that the number increased every year, he attempted to check the business of the road by a stringent system of licensing the trains. This, however, did not work: and the matter kept growing worse and worse; until at length he came to the conclusion, to stop the whole thing, *by tearing up all the tracks, and putting all the dépôt-masters in prison.* When he issued his order to this effect, there was much commotion. The Black-Valley men complained, and said that the old man was a fool, and was dreadfully “nosed about” by the priests, who were always meddling with that which was none of their business. The Crystal-River stage-men

were in ecstasies at what had occurred; and many who had been carried into slavery upon the Black-Valley Road could not restrain their joy.

When this edict was issued, the people of the plantation generally submitted; and the dépôts of the Black-Valley Road were nearly all closed up; with the exception of those in the largest village of the plantation. As that village had great influence upon the other villages of the plantation, and was the place where he was accustomed to meet his boys every year on a great and general Council, he was much grieved at their conduct; and, in view of the state of things which he found existing, he addressed them as follows:—

“Dear boys of my metropolitan village, I am pained to find that you do not intend to obey the law which I have enacted for the suppression of the business of the Black-Valley Railroad; and I am the more pained, as I remem-

ber that you are professedly the friends of law and order. But a few years ago, you even caused to be executed a very wicked law, because you were professedly a law-abiding community; and the streets of your village were thronged with many thousand witnesses of your zeal in executing a law which you yourselves declared was very iniquitous, and even against the 'higher law.' Now you are refusing to execute a law which aims to remove one of the greatest evils from your midst. The road which I have issued my order to have stopped has, in ten years, carried a number equal to forty-two per cent of your population down to Prisonton. From official records, it appears that, out of *four hundred thousand who went to Prisonton in seventeen years, two hundred and seventy-five thousand* of them went there on the Black-Valley Road; and that during the same time *twenty-eight thousand* persons were picked up in a helpless condition by the side of

the same road, and carried to their homes battered, bruised, and begrimed, to the great grief and astonishment of broken-hearted wives and parents. Though but one-sixth of the population of my plantation reside in your village, more than one-half of those who go to Prisonton are from your place, and have gone down on the road which I have ordered to be destroyed. I am spending every year two millions of dollars to promote virtue and order, by the schools which I am sustaining; while you are spending more than that sum in carrying men directly away from the influences which these schools are designed to exert. In these schools I have *twenty-five thousand* pupils whom I am trying to carry up to virtue and respectability; while your road is carrying *thirty thousand* down to Beggarstown and Prisonton and other places in the Black-Valley Country. Your road is against all the interests of my plantation; and I have there-

fore ordered its business to be stopped. I am not unmindful of your importance as my largest village. Your merchant-princes and your great and good men and your great and good deeds I have not forgotten. I know you fought for the liberty and independence of my plantation, and other plantations in my neighborhood, when our liberties were in danger from a foreign foe. I call to mind with pride the great tea-party you gave to our common enemy, you furnishing water and they furnishing tea. (Oh that you knew the advantages of water as well now as in those days of your well-earned fame!) All these things I call to mind with pride; but, notwithstanding your good deeds and your noble history, I cannot permit you to break any of my laws. Your power as a government, permit me to remind you, comes from me. All your powers are given to you by my laws. You are my agent for executing my laws. What I have

given, I can at any time take back ; and, if you will not act as my agent in executing my laws, I must have an agency that will act. Nor can I allow you to be partial in the execution of my laws ; and I am pained to find, that, in the execution of them, the men whom you appoint to attend to this business have their favorites.

“ Facts have come to my knowledge, showing, that while you caused to be arrested annually nearly twenty thousand *travellers* upon this Black-Valley Road, a large number of whom had been thrown out of the trains, and picked up in a helpless condition along the track in your streets, you have allowed nearly two thousand *masters of dépôts* upon the road to pursue their criminal business with impunity. You have taken the weak and the helpless, and let the strong men go. I moreover learn, that many of the men whom you have appointed to execute my laws are patrons of the road which

is running contrary to law, and that some of them take frequent excursions upon that road, and have even been seen below Topersville, with their badges of office still on. Instead of helping to close up these dépôts, some of them are doing what they can to make them respectable; and that in two ways: first, by patronizing them; and, second, by picking up and putting out of sight the miserable objects that have been ejected from the trains. I must remind you too, and I do it with pain, that, when my law forbidding the running of the Black-Valley Road was first enacted, the government of your village issued *licenses to all conductors and stockholders of 'good moral character,'* thus in effect nullifying my law. In constructing my law, I consulted some of my most able and skilful and learned men. As you were the first to violate and trample upon it, I must bring you to submission; and, when this is done, I shall look after my smaller vil-

lages, unless, seeing what I am doing for you, they conclude to look after themselves.

“I am happy to find, in doing this, that I have the approbation of so many of the order-loving citizens of your place ; whose property is endangered by the Black-Valley Road, and whose sons are tempted by it to travel in the Black-Valley Country. Let me remind you, too, that I once hung a distinguished teacher in one of my great schools in your vicinity, because he broke a law whose penalty was death. The law which you are violating was not made rashly : it was the result of many thoughts and much deliberation. It has had the support of my great Council for many years. It has already done much good, though not in your village, as the throngs of men and women in Beggarstown and Prisonton who have gone down over the road make painfully apparent. In fine, you *must submit*. I am your master, and cannot give up my authority over you ;

and, if you cannot enforce it, I must take the matter into my own hands. *I must be obeyed.*"

At the conclusion of this address, there was a great murmuring and shaking of fists and deliverance of oaths among the Black-Valley men. The Crystal-River stage-men were again in ecstasies. Old Mr. Konshunts cried at the top of his voice, "All right!" and a company of old travellers upon the Black-Valley Road, who had just come out of the slavery of the Black-Valley Country, called for three cheers for

OLD MASSA CHUSETTS!

which were given in tones that were heard throughout the plantation.

The laws against the aforesaid road began now to be thoroughly executed. Constables especially appointed for this object closed up many of the places where tickets were sold.

As soon as this began to be thoroughly done, there was great excitement among the Black-Valley men; and a vigorous and united effort was made to have the law repealed, and, if this could not be done, to have it so altered *that the business of the road would not be interfered with, or the public morals injured by having a law that could not be executed.* They declared, that, in spite of all the representations to the contrary, the law prohibiting the business of the Black-Valley Road, and closing up the dépôts upon it, greatly increased the number of travellers. Many, they said, who never before travelled on that road, and even were greatly opposed to it, were procuring tickets, not for the purpose of use, but to *show their love of liberty*, and that, while the water-men “had all the law they wanted, the friends and patrons of the road got all the rides, and sold all the tickets they wanted to.”

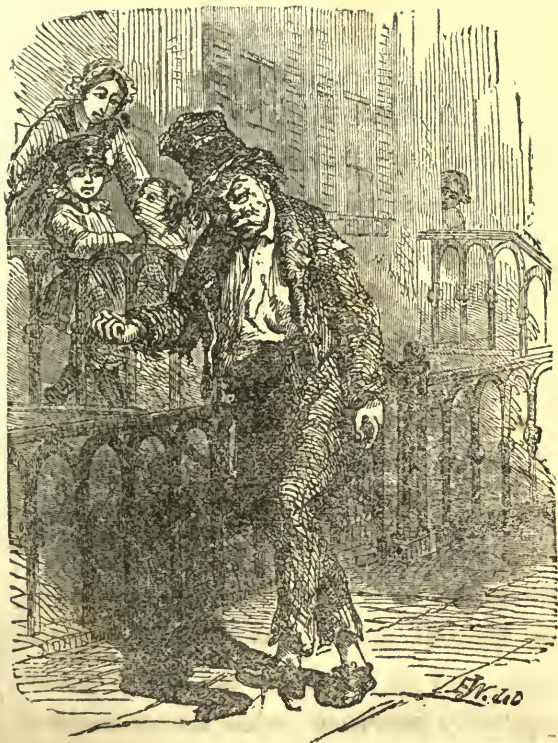
By various united and persevering efforts

the law was at length amended so as to suit the Black-Valley men and that class of Fountainland men *who lived upon the borders of the Black-Valley Country, and occasionally took excursions upon the road*, or speculated in its stocks, or wanted some favor from the corporation, or thought it good policy to alter the law.

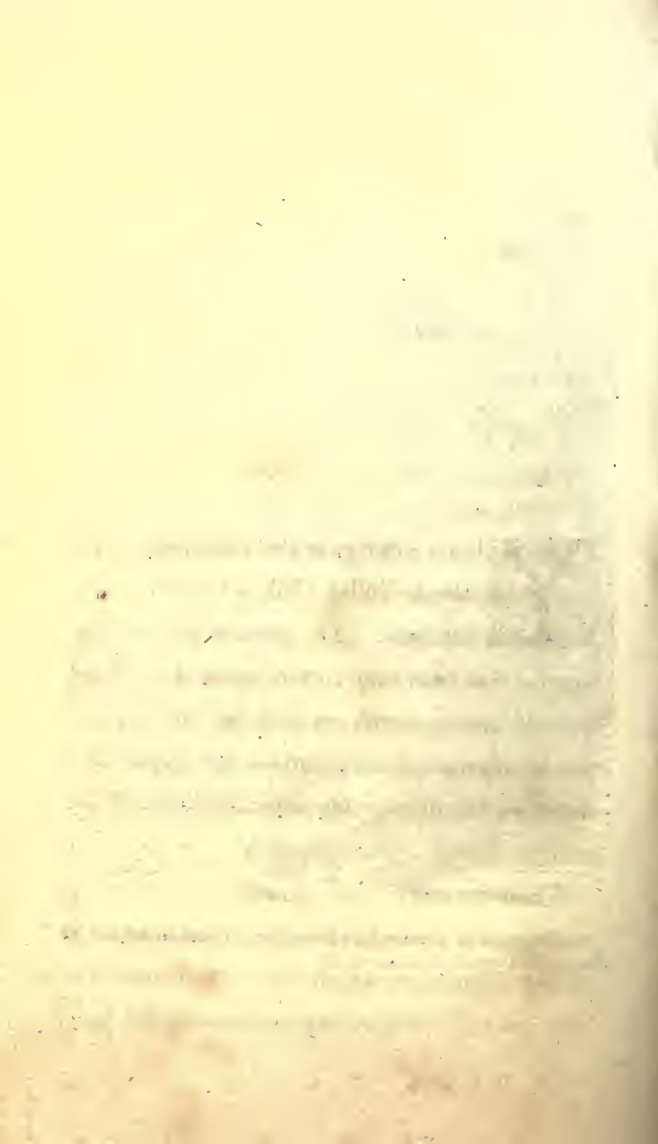
Under the amended law, all dépôts were to be constructed so as to have the appearance of grocery-stores or apothecary-shops; and all tickets were to be called *Health Excursion Tickets*, and to be gotten up in the form of a Beer-bottle.

Under this new arrangement, the business of the corporation was resumed with renewed vigor. All the places upon the road increased rapidly in population; while the stockholders and employees increased in wealth.

Of the results of this new arrangement, the reader will learn farther on.



Mr. Beerbloat of Topersville, attempting a speech in defence of liberty and the amended law.—p. 94.





CHAPTER VII.

Prosperity of the Road. — Renewed Attempts to Destroy It. — Water and Forcing Instruments. — Flooding of Sippington.

YEAR after year the mischiefs of the Black-Valley Railroad continued to increase. The great dépôt at Sippington was from time to time enlarged. Vast sums of money were expended by the corporation in attempting to maintain the reputation and show the great value and usefulness of the road.

When the business of the road on one of its great branches was likely to be interrupted by a legal injunction, which those who were unfavorable to it were trying to procure, the cor-

poration employed at great expense the services of distinguished and eloquent counsellors and lawyers, to prove that the opposers of the road were crazy men, who had "water on the brain." Old records were searched; and old friends and travellers on the road were consulted. By this method it was attempted to be proved that the road was useful, and even indispensable to the welfare of the community; that multitudes who travelled on it were much benefited, if they did not travel too often, and too far; that the respiratory organs were sometimes much strengthened by occasional excursions; and that the stockholders and dépôt-masters had their "inalienable rights," which could not be interfered with in the way proposed by men whose brains had been so affected by water. Moreover, an attempt was made to prove that the owners and patrons of the Black-Valley Railroad were in the ascendancy at the polls, and could outvote the

fanatics who were trying to injure the road ; and that, under a government by the people, this consideration settled the question.

When this eloquent and able defence of the road had been made, the corporation took measures to give it the most extensive circulation. It was published in golden letters and illuminated handbills, and sent to all the dépôts upon the road ; where it was posted up, and read to the thronging multitudes usually assembled at those places. Great meetings were held, and glowing speeches were made, extolling the action of the corporation in procuring so able a defence of a much-abused business, so likely to become infamous without such counteracting influence.

This famous apology was not only circulated in the dépôts of the road, but large numbers were sent up to Fountainland for gratuitous circulation. Its eloquent diction and ingenuity, as well as the fame of the authors, led many to

read it who were sad at its publication. Others, and among them multitudes of young men, read it with an admiration bordering upon enthusiasm. In order the more effectually to show their admiration of it, they got up large excursion-parties for the Black-Valley Country. At the great dépôt at Sippington, they had a grand gathering and re-union ; and great multitudes of them for the first time took an excursion far down on the Black-Valley Road.

Under this wise and efficient management of the road, the wealth of the corporation rapidly increased, until the amount became almost fabulous. The annual amount of fares was *twelve hundred millions* of dollars. The employees of the road numbered more than *five hundred thousand* ; and many of the stockholders became millionnaires. The population of all the places upon the road increased in proportion to the increase of the business of the company.

With the great increase of the population of the Black-Valley Country, the condition of the country became more and more the object of study by statesmen and philanthropists. In connection with this study, the fact came to light, that the corporation of the Black-Valley Railroad was exerting a controlling influence on all the surrounding region. Stockholders, dépôt-masters, and ticket-sellers made up what was known in the whole community as a "Ring," which bade defiance to all law and all restraint. While this Ring professed that they regretted the numerous accidents that occurred on the Black-Valley Road, they earnestly opposed all legislation which looked towards restraining their business. All legal action, they said, ran into politics, unless it was legal action *in favor of running trains under some sort of supervision by the government which would not interfere with their business.*

Dépôts upon the road were the headquar-

ters of the Ring. At these places, instructions were given to voters; who could be easily gathered in great numbers, by a promise of free tickets upon the road. Whenever meetings were to be held, special trains were run for the accommodation of the Ring. On election days also, special trains were run, to carry the friends of the corporation to the polls; where they were looked after by gentlemen of the Ring, who sometimes carried their good offices so far as to guide and lead them quite to the ballot-box, and aid them in depositing their votes.

While statesmen and philanthropists were investigating this subject, it was discovered that the great cloud which hung over the Black-Valley Country was casting a deep shadow over all the surrounding region. The mutterings of distant thunder were sometimes heard very distinctly; and vivid lightning flashes indicated to those who were watching the cloud a coming tempest, which they predicted would

sweep like a whirlwind over the whole surrounding country.

While multitudes were watching this cloud, as it rolled up black and terrific in the distance, a very important discovery was made in regard to the action of *water* on the Black-Valley Railroad. Breaches made in the road by *water* it was found *could not be repaired*. A *wash-out*, it was ascertained, caused a permanent and dangerous weakness at the point where it occurred.

It was discovered, too, that, where *water* was flowing freely, the road could be easily broken, and cut by *forcing instruments*, so that the trains could not pass. Lifting and prying and forcing *under water* was found to be effective in opening huge breaches in the road. Forcing instruments, that had been bent and battered while in use where there was no *water*, were found to do admirable execution in connection with *water*.

The power of water having been shown by several experiments, it was determined to try the efforts of a *flood* upon the Black-Valley Railroad. Let us have a flood, said all hands.

When the water-scheme had been determined upon, every man from Fountainland agreed to assist, and be taxed for the construction of a vast canal, which should turn the great Crystal River upon the most important portion of the Black-Valley Road.

Sippington was chosen as the place to be first flooded, that being the point from which all travellers upon the road took their first excursions.

Numerous experiments having proved this plan to be feasible, a company was organized to construct the canal. Everybody was invited to join this great water-company. Men, women, and children were enlisted in it. Information about the flooding scheme, and the experiments which had been tried upon the

road by water, were extensively circulated. The churches in Fountainland were opened for public meetings on this water-question. Sermons were preached and addresses made; and multitudes proceeded to join the water-company. Only a few churches stood aloof from this movement; and these, it was found, were located in that portion of Fountainland which bordered on the Black-Valley Country, and whose members took occasional excursions on the Black-Valley Road, or were the owners of stock in the corporation.

Several years were occupied in constructing the great canal. It was built at immense cost and with a vast amount of labor. In the heat of the day and in the chills of the night many labored, cheerfully bearing the burden of this work. As the work went on, the stockholders and dépôt-masters of the Black-Valley Road became much alarmed. In all the dépôts of the road, the water-men were set upon as

fanatics. A rumor was started that they were organizing an army, with which to invade the Black-Valley Country; that they were to be armed with icicles, instead of muskets, and that there was so much water on their brains that they could march through the great "Black-Valley Desert" without canteens.

At length the great canal was completed; and the gates were opened. Gently at first the water flowed along by the Black-Valley Road. As it flowed upon the dry and thirsty land, it was absorbed, and disappeared without any apparent effect. The Black-Valley men now smiled at the folly of the fanatics who were attempting to injure the road by so harmless a process.

Onward the water kept flowing. In time the dry ground was saturated. Water began to stand upon the surface of the ground. At first a pond, then a lake, then a sea. In the cellars of all the houses in Sippington a

spring broke out, producing an inundation. Empty beer-casks and wine-bottles were set afloat; and their owners were astonished at the number of these objects in their cellars. Most of them said that these casks and bottles were from Medicineville, and were placed in their cellars on trial, and that water was a serious damage to them.

Through the great canal, water came flowing and rushing in increased quantities; so that the windows of heaven seemed to be wide open. On all sides it was water, water, water.

In this condition of things, while water was flowing all around, and the great river from Fountainland seemed to be discharging itself upon the dépôt at Sippington, and the Black-Valley men were ridiculing the flood, and laughing at the fanaticism of the water-men, who were spending their time upon this water-scheme, it was determined to try the effect of *forcing* upon the foundations of the dépôt.

Some forcing instruments which had been much battered by use on these same foundations, when no water was flowing, it was found started them now with the utmost ease. Instantly they yielded to the pressure, and floated away in the flood. Forcing-bars and grappling-irons, it was found could be used *under water* with telling effect. The side of the dépôt towards the flood began to settle ; and soon the whole building was afloat. Simultaneously with this, the gates of the great canal were thrown wide open.

A new impulse was given to the flood. Some said the ocean had got loose, and was running into Sippington, or that an earthquake must be lifting up the bottom of the great sea in Fountainland, so terrible was the pouring on of the flood.

Under the *united action of water and the pressure of the forcing instruments*, the great dépôt went down ; and the track of the Black-

Valley Road was swept away, and Sippington for a time was completely under water.

Some incidents connected with this flood are worthy of notice. Several churches in Sippington were carried away from their old locations ; which were so thoroughly washed that no one could point out the places where they originally stood. Dr. Oldwine's church, where a large and fashionable congregation of Sippingtonians were accustomed to worship, was floated quite out upon the stream.

In this house, many had heard Dr. Oldwine berate the imprudent measures of the water company, declaring that their organization was both unwise and unscriptural. As the old meeting-house was seen floating away from its ancient position, a general shout went up, which was heard far up into the Fountainland country.

"I am glad to see the old ark afloat," cried a hard-looking man from Topersville ; "for

it was in that house that I resolved to take my first excursion upon the Black-Valley Road." Throngs of men from other places upon the road, who had joined the water company, clapped their hands, and shouted for joy, saying that they once belonged to the congregation worshipping in that house, and distinctly remembered Dr. Oldwine's denunciation of the great water-scheme for destroying the Black-Valley Road.

The parsonage, as well as the meeting-house, was washed from its old position. Dr. Oldwine was much alarmed when he found that his house was surrounded with water, and that the foundations were giving way. The beer-casks and wine-bottles which floated out from his cellar excited much mirth. The doctor himself was seen clinging to a wine-cask when his house floated away from its foundations. As the stream carried him along, his gray hairs could be seen spreading like a silver disk upon

the water. "You are going in the right direction at last," exclaimed a traveller from the Black-Valley Country; who in his youth was accustomed to hear his hearty beratings of the water-fanatics, who, he said, "were pretending to be wise above what was written."

In connection with this flood, the inhabitants of Sippington made an important discovery. They found that their gardens were enriched by the great overflow of water, and that the cleaning out of their cellars had greatly improved the health of the place. Many that had been feeble became strong; and many that were sick became well. Some said an angel must have troubled the pools in the cellars, so delightful and beautiful had been the clearing out. The irrigated gardens and lands became more productive. Dahlias and lilies and roses of every hue, and fruits pleasant to the taste, became abundant.

The people became happy and contented.


Multitudes of young men who had been accustomed to spend their time at the great dépôt, and their money for excursions on the Black-Valley Road, now remained at their homes. A generation of laborers grew up to take the place of loafers. The wealth of the place rapidly increased. Churches and schoolhouses were erected. Sabbath schools and common schools were crowded with learners; and the town soon became famous in all the surrounding region.





CHAPTER VIII.

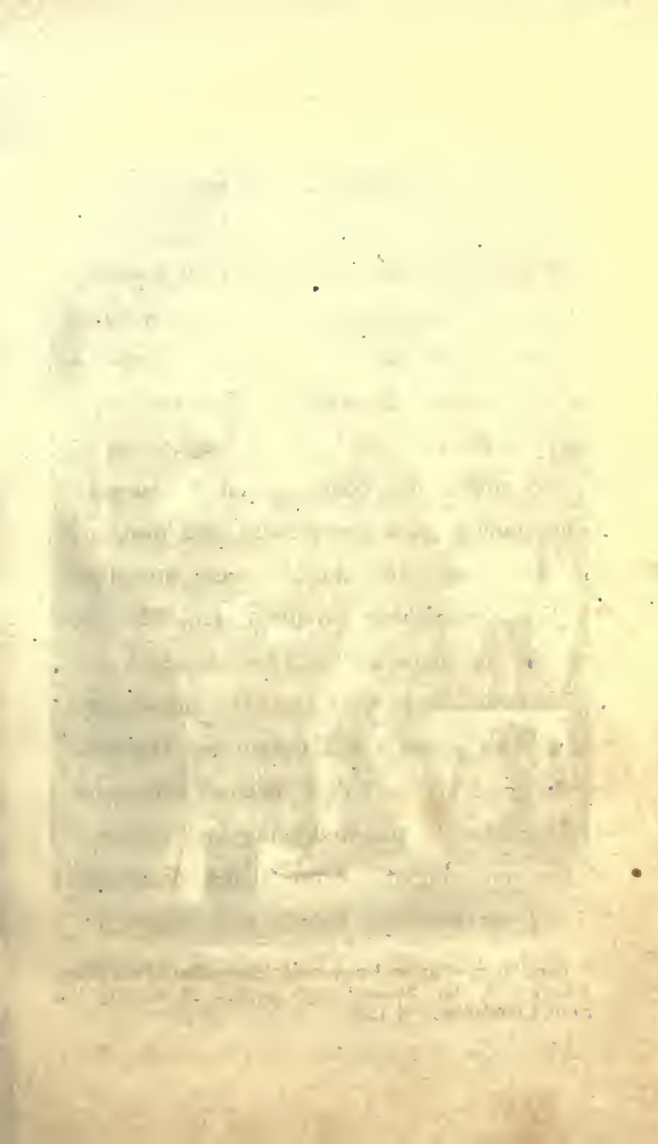
The Sippingtonians vote to annex their Town to Fountainland. — Great Disturbance at Medicineville. — Black-Valley Railroad Men arrested for Violation of the Law concerning the Road. — Trial.

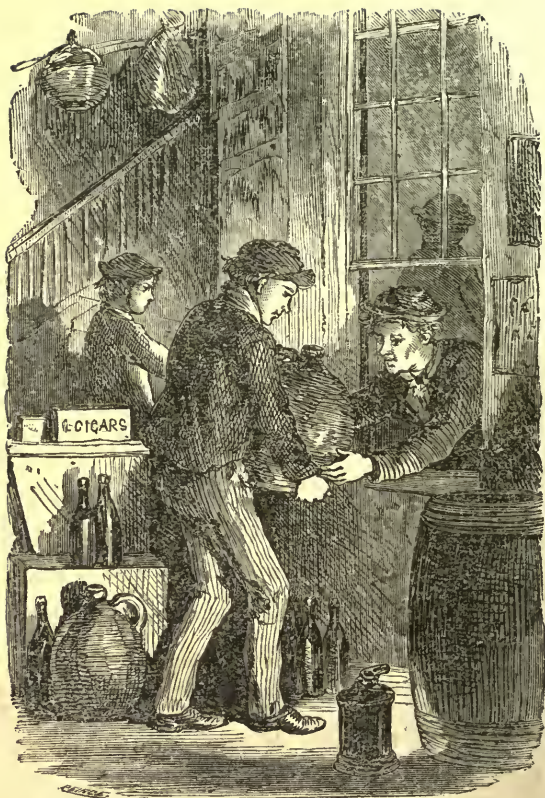
N view of this new condition of things at Sippington, a great public meeting was held, to consider the question of *changing the name of the town*. At this meeting it was proposed to call the place Teetotalton. This was objected to, on the ground that it did not convey the leading idea of the place, and also that it was not classical. Another name proposed was Water-ville. This was objected to, on the ground that the place was rapidly growing in wealth and

population, and would soon probably become a large city.

While this discussion was going on, a motion was made *to annex the town to Fountainland, and come under the government and laws of that corporation.* In favor of this, it was urged that Fountainland had a high reputation in all the surrounding country, that it had good society, and a good government and laws, and that its schools and churches were numerous and in a flourishing condition, and that, by annexing to them, all taxes for crime and pauperism would be avoided; and the united votes of the two places would outnumber the votes of the great Black-Valley Railroad Ring, now so formidable to the well-being and existence of the government. After a full discussion, it was unanimously voted, that Sippington should be annexed to Fountainland, and that the old name should be entirely dropped.

After the annexation, the population and





Back room of an under-ground ticket office of the Black Valley R.R. Mr. Swearstrong's method of evading the State Constables. p. 113.

wealth of the two places united rapidly increased. Schools and churches were prosperous and full, while prisons and almshouses were quite empty. People from the surrounding regions moved into the place in great numbers; and all branches of business increased with a rapidity never before known. This rapid increase of wealth and population drew many adventurers to the place. Merchants, mechanics, and laborers of every description, flocked to this fast-rising commonwealth.

Among the new adventurers to the place were multitudes of agents of the Black-Valley Railroad from Medicineville and Tipton, where great numbers had been thrown out of business by the flooding of Sippington. They came with the hope of prosecuting their old trade under a new name. They commonly occupied underground rooms in the most unobserved streets. Their plan was, to get up excursions into the Black-Valley Country, by

selling passes and tickets to such as could be persuaded to procure them. Young men who could be enticed to purchase the passes were conveyed to the main road in *stages and coaches that could not be distinguished from the ordinary carriages of the place.*

By this method, large numbers of young men were found to be leaving the place, and emigrating into the Black-Valley Country. Numerous families were in great affliction by the sudden disappearance of some of their number. Parents in search of their lost sons would often hear of them at Rowdyville, Fightington, Prison-ton, Deliriumton, and Demonland, and sometimes among the dead that had been thrown out along the Black-Valley Road.

When these facts began to come to light, it was determined that this subject should be looked into, and the whole business promptly stopped by the efficient and thorough execution of the laws of the commonwealth. The



A little girl at the depot of Mr. McGreedy making a purchase for her father. As she has not money enough to pay for the whole, Mr. McGreedy keeps her shawl and she goes home crying. p. 115.

Police were directed to ascertain the places where this business was carried on, and the *names* of the parties engaged in it.

Every thing being ready, the whole company of operators for the Black-Valley Railroad was arrested.

The following are the names of the parties taken up: Messrs. Moneygrip, Alleclaws, Gambler, Brotheller, Neversober, Hategood, Allsham, Gripecall, Ketchum, Cheatem, Rumfool, Beer-bloat, Killem, Cidercross, Ginidiot, Flipsilly, Toddyman, Tremerson, Nightwalker, Allfight, Loaferson, Foolem, Helpdevil, Killsoul, Skinem, Rob'widow, Spitflame, Blackmouth, Nighthowl, Aidroque, Gallowsface, Scape-prison, Toperson, Breakhead, Burglerson, Lightfinger, Loveevil, Ditchfall, Wallowmire, Brandysmash, Clawpenny, Spitewater, Lager-swill, Slingslewed, McGreedy, Coinblood, Sharkemup, Staggerson, Brandugly, Babbleman, Breaklaw, Hellsend, Cutthroat, Swear-strong, Van Lecher.

At the first session of the supreme court of the commonwealth, the parties arrested were brought forward for trial under the following statute: "*Any person who shall be found selling or disposing of passes or tickets upon the Black-Valley Railroad, or selling or owning stock in the same, shall be punished at the discretion of the supreme court of the commonwealth.*"

At the appearance of the prisoners, who were led into court chained together, there was a smile and a look of satisfaction upon the faces of the immense crowd of citizens assembled to witness the trial. The case was tried before Chief Justice Lovelaw, with Associate Judges Fairmind and Trueman. When the judges came into court, it was noticed that most of the prisoners turned pale; and some fainted. Being called to plead guilty or not guilty, all arose, and plead *not guilty*; though it was observed that those who had fainted were held up by their associates.

The officer who attended the prisoners at the dock was Mr. Ironhand, who wore the official badge of the State, and was attended by a military guard.

The council for the prisoners was Mr. Wriggler, assisted by Mr. Wrenchlaw, Mr. Showfair, and Mr. Leadrabble; who were retained with large fees, to aid in conducting the trial. The council for the prosecution were Messrs. Knowlaw and Clearbrain.

The jury was now sworn, and the indictment read by the clerk, the prisoners looking on with increased anxiety. Several jurors were now challenged by the council for the prisoners.

Mr. Teetotaller was objected to, on the ground that he had publicly and frequently expressed the opinion, "that every Black-Valley Railroad man ought to be hung." (Excused.)

Mr. Breakjug was objected to, on the ground that he had several times attempted to throw trains of the Black-Valley Road off the track,

by placing obstructions in the way, and that he once cowhided a dépôt-master almost to death for frequently selling his son tickets on the Black-Valley Road. (Excused.)

Mr. Drinkwater was objected to, because he was prejudiced, having often said that all travellers on the Black-Valley Road were fools. (Not excused.)

Mr. Killdevil was objected to, because he had said, "that, in his opinion, the Black-Valley Railroad was built and owned by the devil, and that he wished that all connected with it might be roasted in the fire at the end. (Not excused.)

The council for the commonwealth objected to Mr. Beerman, on the ground that he had often sold tickets on the road. (Excused.)

Mr. Whiteblood was objected to, because he was apt to faint, and feared that if the case should go against the prisoners it would be too much for him. (Excused.)

Mr. Helpdeath was objected to, on the ground that he was a stockholder in the Black-Valley Road. (Excused.)

The jury was here filled, and sworn in the case. The following is the list: Mr. Trueman, Noshamer, Drinkwater, Shunbad, Steadyman, Neverdrunk, Handlenot, Loveorder, Neverrun, Truelight, Lawenforce, Killdevil.

A very large number of witnesses were examined in this trial, — farmers, mechanics, merchants, physicians, lawyers, clergymen, miners, sailors, and soldiers, — men of all classes and professions and countries. Besides these, a large number of witnesses from the Black-Valley Country — men and women who had visited every place upon the road — were examined.

After the protracted examination of witnesses, Mr. *Knowlaw*, the prosecuting officer of the commonwealth, addressed the court in a powerful and convincing speech; showing,

1st, *The constitutionality of the law* ; 2d, *Its adaptedness to the accomplishment of the object for which it was enacted* ; and, 3d, *The necessity of its thorough execution*, as a means of lifting the cloud which had so long hung over the Black-Valley Country. “Let the law be executed,” he said in conclusion, “and the smoke and cinders and fires which have blackened and burned and desolated the vast tract of country through which the Black-Valley Railroad has passed, will immediately disappear ; and the sun will shine out upon that dark land, with healing in its beams. *Irrigation* will enrich and repair every portion of the desolate country. The great *Fountainland River* is waiting to pour itself over the desert, and make it blossom like a rose. Execute the law, and the work will soon be done. Millions of voices from every part of the Black-Valley Country will unite in one grand chorus of thanksgiving. From this company of evil-doers, now prisoners at the

bar, let none escape. The execution of the law will give an effectual check to the vast business which they represent."

Mr. *Wiggler*, in behalf of the prisoners, now addressed the court; urging, 1st, That *custom* was in favor of the business for which the prisoners were on trial; 2d, That many people were *getting their living* by it, and that it would be cruel to deprive them of this means of supporting their families; 3d, That the business of the Black-Valley Railroad was *legitimate and useful*, and that it was the *abuse* of it only which rendered it objectionable; 4th, That the law *had not been executed*, and that the prisoners at the bar went into their business with the understanding that the law against it was a dead letter; 5th, That the law was attempting to do what could only be accomplished by *moral suasion*, and that if people wished to invest their capital in it, or get their living by it, the only way to prevent it was to persuade

them not to do so ; 6th, That the law, instead of checking, had greatly *increased the business* of the road, and, if executed, would increase the business still more ; 7th, That the law was *unconstitutional*, and finally that the jury were to decide the question of *law* as well as the question of *fact*. “ We live ; ” said the earnest advocate in conclusion, “ in a land of liberty. Our glorious eagle soars aloft, holding liberty in his claws as with hooks of steel ; and woe to the bigots who shall attempt to wrest it from him ! His screams will wake up the people to come to the rescue. The Black-Valley Country, of which we have heard so much, will be lighted up by the gleam of five hundred thousand swords drawn in the defence of liberty. They will flash terror into the face of all fanatics who attempt to break down by iniquitous laws any branch of business in which *the people are engaged*.”

At the conclusion of this speech, which occu-

pied four hours, and was listened to with intense interest, and which its admirers said was like a succession of skyrockets sent into the air, a loud shout went up from the friends of the prisoners, who had gathered in great numbers to witness the trial. A large company of stockholders, dépôt-masters, and Black-Valley Railroad excursionists gathered around Mr. Wiggler; who was much exhausted by his effort, proposing as a means of relief from his exhaustion, as well as an expression of gratitude, an *excursion upon the road* which he had so eloquently defended. The proposition was gladly accepted; and a great company of those having an interest in the road started immediately on a grand excursion in the splendid palatial cars now ready for the trip.

As the road was now in good running order below Topersville (the flood having done no other damage to it except to cut off travel from the upper dépôt), every thing was easily

arranged, and the fireman ordered to put on steam. With flying colors and loud shouts the train started, and went roaring and tearing and thundering down the Black-Valley Road with such speed that the wheels took fire by the accelerated velocity of their revolutions; and the whole train at length disappeared in a cloud of fire and smoke far down towards the lower end of the road. Most of the excursionists, it is understood, have never been heard of since: several of the most distinguished defenders of the road died in the train; others were thrown out along the road. Mr. *Wiggler* went as far as Deliriumton, where he was ejected for breaking the windows of the cars in a fit of delirium. He was afterwards picked up by a Fountainland stage, and carried back to his family.

A distinguished physician, who was an invited guest, was thrown out at the *Great Desert*; where he was found wounded and half-

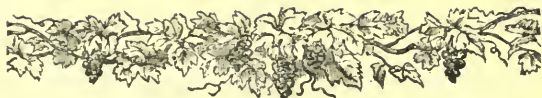
dead, and carried to Fountainland, where, by the use of water, he was restored to health and to his former high position in society. Mr. Lead-rabble, who assisted in conducting the defence of the Black-Valley Corporation against the persecution of the water-bigots, as he called them, went far down into the Black-Valley Country ; where he miserably perished, and where his bones lie bleaching to this day. An ex-clergyman, who had doffed his clerical robes, and gone into the business of selling tickets on the Black-Valley Road, was fished out of the mud at *Debauch Slough* in a condition hardly to be recognized by his friends, and carried in a coach known as the "Black Maria" to *Prison-ton*, where he found employment in respectable business, though not in a respectable place or society.

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After the hearing of the arguments upon both sides, the case was committed to the jury

in an able and impartial charge ; and, after being out ten minutes, the jury returned with a verdict of *guilty*, amid the loud cheering of the vast multitude assembled to hear the trial. As soon as silence was restored, the court sentenced each of the prisoners according to the law ; and, under the care of Mr. State-Constable *Ironhand*, they were marched to the place of punishment, which the reader will find described farther on in this volume.





CHAPTER IX.

Great Excitement along the Black-Valley Railroad on Account of the Approaching Flood. — Water-men denounced. — Arrival of the Flood at Medicineville. — Great Depot and Storehouses carried away. — Health of the Place improved.

THE news of the flooding of Sippington, its annexation to Fountainland, and the trial and condemnation of the adventurers from Medicineville and Tiptleton, spread rapidly through the Black-Valley Country, producing great excitement. The stockholders and dépôt-masters were infuriated. They cried out at the top of their voices, and threw dust into the air in such quantities that it seemed for a time that the volcano at the

lower end of the road was in a state of eruption. The men who had built the great canal, and opened the flood-gates upon the country, were pronounced fools. Some said they were priest-ridden, and had but one idea, and that was water. Others said that they had lived on water-gruel so long that they had lost all muscular power; so that one man well nourished on the beverage of the Black-Valley Country, and other kinds of "respiratory food," could chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight. Others said these men were dabbling in politics, and that the water-company at Fountainland was a political organization, which was aiming to take away the rights and destroy the business of a large class of the most respectable and wealthy citizens.

At Medicineville the excitement was unbounded. Water from the Fountainland canal was beginning to flow around the foundations of the great dépôt, loosening them so that the

building was evidently settling on the side towards the stream. Huge storehouses were discovered to be leaning and cracking. Steadily the water kept rising and flowing, in spite of all efforts to prevent it; until at last the dépôt was afloat. Almost simultaneously, the great storehouses of the place tumbled and went down. Millions of bottles were floated out upon the stream, so that for many miles it looked like a "sea of glass."

Soon after the flood had swept away the great dépôt and the storehouses around it, the people of Medicineville began to discover that the health of the place was greatly improving. Multitudes of invalids who were in the habit of taking excursions on the Black-Valley Road for their health found that excursions by water were vastly more beneficial and safe, as well as less troublesome and expensive. After a water-trip, they had no fainting turns or head-aches, such as they were accustomed to

have after their excursions from the Medicineville dépôt. A very large number completely recovered their health by these water-excursions.

In view of these facts, a public sentiment grew up rapidly against all attempts at rebuilding the dépôt, or repairing the road which the flood had so badly damaged. It was discovered, too, that the whole country around Medicineville was much improved by the effects of the water which had overflowed it. The fields were looking more beautiful than ever; and the fruit-trees were yielding their fruits every month, and the leaves were found to be for the healing of the invalids.





CHAPTER X.

Great Meeting at Medicineville to act on the Question of Annexing the Place to Fountainland. — Speeches by Mr. Medicine-fooled, Dr. Waterman, Mrs. Trywhiskey, and Mr. Bittersell. — Resolution for Annexation passed amid Loud Cheers for the Water-company and the Great Canal.

WHEN these discoveries were made, the question of following the example of *Sippington*, and annexing the place to Fountainland, came up for frequent discussion. After a great variety of facts bearing upon this question had become known, a petition was circulated by the recovered invalids for a public meeting, to act on *the question of annexation*. A large number of

signatures having been procured, the meeting was called. *Mr. Medicinefooled*, who, for more than ten years had been taking daily excursions on the Black-Valley Road for his health, and who was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse, was chosen to preside.

On taking the chair, he related his experience, and declared that he considered the late flood which had swept away the great dépôt and washed away the Black-Valley Road at Medicineville was the greatest blessing that ever visited the place; that he considered the call of the meeting a wise movement; and that, if it should result in annexing the place to Fountainland, every interest, financial, moral, and sanitary, would be promoted.

After the speech of *Mr. Medicinefooled*, *Dr. Waterman*, a physician of much learning and experience, who had long studied this subject, and for more than twenty years had advised his patients to take no excursions upon the

Black-Valley Road, addressed the meeting in a powerful speech, giving statistics from hospitals, camps, and almshouses, as well as from his own observations, sustaining the chairman. Among other facts which he stated, quite to the surprise of many who were present, was, that certain life-insurance companies issued policies to those who never took excursions upon the Black-Valley Road at much reduced rates, having ascertained, by a vast collection of facts, that life was much prolonged by keeping entirely away from the aforesaid road.

After this, a large number of invalids addressed the meeting; giving their own experience and observation, and confirming all that had been said.

In the midst of this discussion, a woman of uncommonly interesting appearance addressed the audience. It was Mrs. *Trywhiskey*. Her face was pale; and her dark piercing eyes seemed full of indignation, as she raised her

shrill and tremulous voice to confirm what had been said. As soon as her voice was heard, the audience was hushed to silence as she proceeded to say, "If there is any subject on which women have a right to speak and bear their testimony, this is one. I am the mother of a family, and the wife of one of your most respectable citizens. For ten years I have been bringing disgrace and distress upon my family by travelling upon that road whose mischiefs have been alluded to, most appropriately called the *Black-Valley Road*. Ten years ago I was professionally advised to take a daily excursion from Medicineville for my health. At first it seemed as if my health would be restored; but soon I found myself far down into the Black-Valley Country. I passed one dépôt after another, until I found myself at Deliriumton and the *Great Desert* beyond, where I was ejected from the train in a most wretched condition. Bloated and be-

grimed, and bruised by my fall, I was taken into an ambulance, and carried back to my home. I found my family in great affliction by reason of my long absence. By the frequent use of the Fountainland water, my health was restored. What Mr. Medicinefooled and Dr. Waterman have said is every word true. Multitudes of others have had an experience similar to mine ; and I am convinced that no measures would be so wise as to annex our place immediately to Fountainland, and have its wholesome laws extended over our village. If females are allowed to vote on this subject, I and all present shall hold up our hands for the measure.

As soon as Mrs. Trywhiskey had resumed her seat, Mr. Bittersold arose and said, "I also have tried the Medicineville-excursion-remedy, and in consequence have been far down into the Black-Valley Country. From Medicineville I went slowly to Tiptleton, thence more

quickly to Topersville ; from which place I was carried rapidly to Horrorland and the Great Desert beyond. At Idiot Flats I was ejected from the train ; and, when my head struck the ground, I came to my senses, and availed myself of a free ride in one of the Fountainland ambulances, which conveyed me to this place, where I intend to remain, provided the motion before the meeting prevails. Otherwise, it is my purpose to remove immediately to Fountainland, with such of my friends and travelling-companions as I can persuade to go with me.

Miss Winecure followed in a thrilling speech, which is omitted for want of room.

At this stage of the proceedings, a well-dressed gentleman, decorated with a heavy gold watch-chain, and leaning upon a gold-headed cane, addressed the meeting. It was Mr. *Bittersell*, whose great storehouse had been swept away in the flood.

“Gentlemen,” said he, “I wish to remon-

strate against these rash proceedings. A great calamity has come upon our place. Millions of property have been destroyed; and many of our citizens who were rich have been made poor. Multitudes of people, too, are now out of the business by which they have supported their families and accumulated their property. More than ten miles of the road which has built up our place have been carried away; and twenty years of labor will not repair the breach which has been made. Large storehouses, too, have gone down the stream in this flood" (and here he raised his gold-headed cane, and shook it with much indignation). If the motion made in this meeting prevails, and we vote to annex our village to *Fountainland*, and come under its bigoted and illiberal laws, our liberty will be gone, and we shall be slaves."

As soon as Mr. Bittersell sat down, Miss Winecure, who was known formerly as a leading singer in Dr. Oldwine's church before

it was carried away by the flood at *Sippington*, was called on for a song. She promptly responded; and with a face beaming with health from the use of water, and a voice clear and strong, so that it could be distinctly heard in every part of the vast audience, sang, —

A RIDE ON THE BLACK-VALLEY RAILROAD.



You have heard of the ride of John Gilpin,
That captain so jocund and gay, —
How he rode down to Edmonton village
In a very remarkable way.

You have heard of the ride of Mazeppa,
Bound fast to his wing-footed steed, —
How he coursed through the fields and the forests
At a very remarkable speed.

But I sing of a trip more exciting,
In a song which I cannot restrain,
Of a ride down the Black-Valley Railroad,
Of a ride on the Black-Valley train.

The setting-out place for the journey
Is Sippington Station, I think ;
Where the engines for water take whiskey,
And the people take — something to drink.

From collisions you need fear no danger, —
No trains are ever run back :
They all go one way, — to perdition, —
Provided they keep on the track.

By the time we reach Medicine Village,
The passengers find themselves sick, —
Have leg-ache or back-ache or head-ache,
Or some ache that strikes to the quick.

[*Applause : Mr. Medicinesell indignant.*]

We are pious, and hold by the Scripture,
With Paul the Apostle agree, —
To take “ wine,” instead of much “ water,”
For our “ often infirmity.”

In fact, we improve on the reading,
By just a slight change in the text, —
Say “often,” where the Scripture says “little,”
And leave “little” for what may come next.

We break up at Tippleton Station,
To try and get rid of our pain ;
At Topersville also we tarry,
And do the same over again.

Our spirits indeed may be willing,
But very weak is the flesh ;
So oft as we stop for five minutes,
We use all the time to refresh.

Now we come to the great central station, —
The last stopping-place on the line, —
Drunkards’ Curve, where is kept the chief store-
house
Of rum, whiskey, brandy, and wine.

From this place on to Destruction,
The train makes no break or delay ;
And those who may wish to stop sooner
Are kindly thrown out by the way.

A full supply of bad whiskey
For our engine is taken in here ;
And a queer-looking fellow from Hades
Steps on for our engineer.

From Drunkards' Curve on to Destruction,
The train is strictly express,
And will not be slowed or halted
For any red flag of distress.

And so when all things are ready,
From Drunkards' Curve we set out :
Let me give you some flying glimpses
Of the places along on the route.

First Rowdyville claims our attention,
Then Quarrelton comes into view,
Then Riotville breaks on the vision,
And the filthy Beggartown too.

As we rush by the village of Woeland,
Three wretches are thrown from the train :
We can see them rolled over and over
Through the darkness, the mud, and the rain.

Our engineer chuckles and dances
In the wild, lurid flashes he throws ;
Hotter blaze the red fires of his furnace,
As on into blackness he goes.

Oh, the sounds that we hear in the darkness,
The laughter and crying and groans,
The ravings of anger and madness,
The sobbings and pitiful moans !

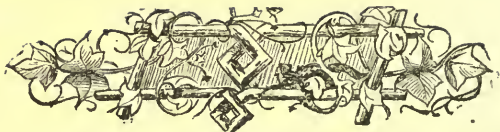
For now we have entered the regions
Where all things horrible dwell,
Where the shadows are peopled with goblins,
With the fiends and the furies of hell.

In this deep and Stygian darkness,
Lost spirits have made their abode :
It is plain we are near to Destruction, —
Very near to the end of the road.

Would you like, my young friends, to take passage
To this region of horror and pain ?
Here stretches the Black-Valley Railroad,
And here stands the Black-Valley train.

At the conclusion of this song, the vote was taken ; and the resolution for annexation was unanimously passed, and three cheers given for Miss Winecure and Mrs. Trywhiskey, and three times three for the water company and the great canal which had brought the flood upon their once sickly and miserable place.





CHAPTER XI.

Great Change in the Condition of the Black-Valley Country. — Fountainland Stage Company disbanded. — Great Violence of the Flood. — Many flee out of the Black Valley. — Old Stagemen turn Boatmen. — Great Wash-out in the Broad Road. — Prince of the Black-Valley Country calls a Council of his Legions. — Great Accumulation of Bridges, Depots, Broken Cars. — Skeletons, &c.

THE condition of the whole Black-Valley Country was entirely changed by the flooding of *Sippington* and *Medicineville*. At *Rowdyville* and *Quarrelton*, all was quiet. At *Riotville*, mobs had entirely ceased. At *Beggarstown*,

there were no arrivals, as no trains now came to that place. At Gamblersville, Fightington, and Brothelton, business was dull. At Prison-ton, there were no arrivals. From Deliriumton and Demonland, the evil spirits fled away disgusted with the quiet which everywhere prevailed.

In all those places, the people had heard of the great flood at *Sippington* and of the destruction of the Black-Valley Road, and were quite prepared to welcome the flood to their own places. At Drunkards' Curve the news of the flooding and destruction of Sippington and Medicineville almost created a panic, so great was the joy at that place. At the great dépôt, where so lately long rows of stages were always in waiting to convey back to Fountainland those who could be persuaded to leave the trains, all was now quiet. As no trains arrived, and there was no more use for the stages, the stage company was disbanded, to the great

joy of those who had expended so much time and money in maintaining it.

The *location* of all these places was such that the flood naturally came upon them with great force and power. The Black-Valley Road had been constructed in the lowest part of the country; and all the places built upon it were low down in the valley, so that, as the flood came on, it swept into and through them all with great violence. Many of the people, when they heard of the approach of the water, fled out of the valley into the more elevated localities. In this way, a vast multitude was collected to witness the effect of the flood. As they looked down into the valley, and listened to the roaring of the waters, their attention was directed to the fact that nothing which was really valuable was injured. The only damage which the flood did was to the Black-Valley Railroad, and what was connected with it. All who chose to do so could easily get

away from danger. Even those who were afloat could procure help by calling for it by some signal of distress. The old Fountainland stage-men were there with boats and ropes to help all to a place of safety who were willing to get out of the doomed Black Valley into which they had come from the great upper terminus of the Black-Valley Road.

While this great flood was so effectually carrying away the Black-Valley Road, it was found that it was also making great havoc of the old *highway* which ran through the valley, commonly called the "Broad Road," and which ran nearly parallel with the aforesaid railroad. The huge chasms which the flood had made in the old Broad Road, it was discovered were greatly interrupting the travel on that thoroughfare. It was also discovered that where these *wash-outs* occurred there were very unusual disturbances in the air in all the immediate neighborhood, while directly over the

wash-outs there was the appearance of clouds; and sometimes the muttering of thunder accompanied with flashes of lightning was distinctly heard. This unusual condition of the atmosphere arrested much attention. Various opinions were advanced as to the causes of these phenomena. The most common opinion was, that the prince of the Black-Valley Country was holding a council of his legions to devise methods of repairing the damages which the great flood had done to the "broad road" over which, in connection with the great Railroad, all his subjects passed on their way to the bonfire which was at the lower terminus of both these roads. This theory was much strengthened by the fact, that after the flood had swept away the railroad, and done much damage to the old "broad road," the country became very beautiful under the labors of the multitudes of men and women who had formerly spent most of their time and money in travel upon the above-

mentioned thoroughfares; and in all the great Black-Valley Country the people were contented and happy; and even "the great desert" "blossomed like the rose" under the influence of the waters which the flood had poured over it.

One of the effects of the flood which arrested much attention was the great accumulation of the *débris* at the lower portion of the valley, through which the flood had made its way. It was estimated that more than five hundred acres were covered thickly over with demolished cars and dépôts, which had come down upon the flood. Many skeletons of dépôt-masters and stockholders on the road were found buried among the fragments of the great mass of rubbish. They were the skeletons of the men who had attempted to resist the flood. Among the skeletons were recognized the bones of many who had attempted to ride into (official) high places upon the Black-Valley Railroad.

The places on the great field of accumulated fragments where these skeletons were deposited were easily discovered, as flocks of unclean birds were always hovering over them, and filling the air with doleful music. The wind, too, brought along its report of them, by the sickening smells which sometimes filled the air, to the great disgust of the whole surrounding country.





CHAPTER XII.

Great Joy in the Black-Valley Country on Account of the Flood. — Old Fountainland Stage-Company re-organized to carry Outcasts to the Water. — Ornamented Stages and Huge Omnibuses. — Blossoms in the Desert.

THE arrival of the flood at the *Great Desert* was hailed with much joy. The dépôt, which the flooding of *Sippington* had rendered quite useless, was swept clean away by the swollen stream which poured along the track of the road. As soon as the flood made its appearance, the quality and abundance of the water arrested attention. All who drank of it were immediately refreshed

and invigorated. The inhabitants of the desert soon discovered the virtues of the water, and hastened to make known its blessings to others. Vagabonds and outcasts from the Black-Valley Railroad, and wanderers over this desolate land, began to gather at the stream, and to quench their raging thirst. Rumors of the wonderful water spread rapidly over the length and breadth of the desert; and multitudes flocked thither, to try its virtues for themselves.

All who drank were satisfied, and eager to tell to others its wonderful power. Gladly the good news was communicated, and rapidly spread through the whole region.

As the *Fountainland* stages were not now needed on the old routes where they had formerly been employed (the flood which had carried away the road and the dépôts upon it, and stopped all travel, having rendered them useless), a large number of them came to the great desert to assist in transporting the help-

less and the dying to the healing waters ; the news of which had created a strong desire in the minds of many to remove from the land of desolation and drought in which they had so long been dragging out their miserable existence.

The arrival of these stages produced a profound sensation. Multitudes were waiting to be carried to the water, and eagerly embraced the first opportunity to make their way thither.

The lame and the halt, who had received injury when thrown from the trains on which they had come down to this desolate land, — the sick and the dying, and the helpless of every class, — were taken up in great numbers, and carried to the water.

These stages were of every variety of structure, but all working for the same object. Some of them were covered with elegant trappings and ornaments. Each had its own mark and method of work. Some of the large omni-

buses which did most efficient execution were plain and unornamented.

Over all these a large white flag floated conspicuously, upon which was printed in red letters, "*Ho, every one that thirsteth : come ye to the waters.*"

These omnibuses were constantly loaded with the outcasts of the country, making their way to the region of the healing waters ; whose virtues the skilful drivers were constantly extolling with voices which could be heard throughout the whole desert. At times the whole company would make the desert resound by singing, —

"There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God,
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

Flow to restore, but not destroy,
As when the cloudless lamp of day
Pours out its floods of light and joy,
And sweeps each lingering mist away."

One of the most noticeable effects of the water upon the Great Desert was in disclosing the fertility of the land. Up to the time of the introduction of water, it was commonly supposed that the soil was quite worthless. Wherever the water flowed, it was found that the land became fruitful. As soon as this discovery was made, water from the great stream was diverted in numerous rivulets, and made to flow through the desert. Wherever it came, the country became extremely fertile. Vast fields of grain waved where formerly not a shrub would grow: the vagabonds of the desert became the tillers of a fruitful soil. Wealth increased with great rapidity. Townships were laid out and roads constructed. Schoolhouses and churches were erected, and the population rose rapidly to a high state of civilization. Under this new condition of things, the clouds of dust which formerly filled the atmosphere disappeared; and the air be-

came clear and invigorating. The suffocating heat, which had rendered breathing at times difficult, gave place to a healthy temperature ; and the whirlwinds which formerly swept across the country, carrying desolation in their track, ceased altogether, as soon as the country was irrigated with water.





CHAPTER XIII.

The Confiscated Property of the Black-Valley Railroad Corporation used for the Construction of a Prison and Reformatory School, in which Particular Attention is directed to the Power and Usefulness of Water.

AFTER the flooding of the Black-Valley Country, its annexation to Fountainland, and the general improvement and renovation of the whole region, an important question arose in relation to the disposition of the confiscated property of the Black-Valley Railroad Corporation, now in the hands of the government. Its value in the market was found to be only one per cent of

the value, as estimated by the stockholders when the road was in working order. After much deliberation, it was determined to sell the property, and use the avails for the erection of a suitable prison for the criminals now under sentence, for violating the laws relating to the road.

When the property was sold, it was ascertained that the avails were insufficient for the erection of the proposed prison; but, as the wealth of the country was rapidly increasing under the new condition of things produced by water, it was found easy to raise the money by voluntary subscription. In view of the prospective decrease of the criminals to be provided for, it was determined to construct the prison so that it would answer the double purpose of a prison and an educational and industrial institution. It was also determined to construct it in such a manner that the inmates would be constantly reminded of the *power and great value of water*.

Prisonton was chosen for the location of the institution. Around an enclosure of one mile square, an embankment was constructed out of such material of the Black-Valley Railroad as could be gathered after the flood. It consisted of a pile of wheels and trucks, and broken iron, and fragments of all sorts, which the flood had driven together, as if a thousand railroads had united in a general smash-up. Upon this embankment a large aqueduct, constructed out of the boilers of the engines of the aforesaid railroad, was firmly laid, extending also quite around the enclosure.

Into this aqueduct the smoke-stacks of all the engines of the road were inserted at suitable distances, so as to answer the double purpose of posts and *water-spouts*. Between these posts a palisade fence, made out of the rails of the same road, was constructed. To this aqueduct, another and much larger one was connected, extending to the great river of

Fountainland. The high elevation of this river above the valley where the institution was located, it was estimated, would force the water several hundred feet into the air, and also furnish sufficient water-power for driving all the machinery of the workshops. To make the whole more effective in showing the beauty and value of water, and the power of the Fountainland pressure, a hollow shaft, made of the same materials as that of the aqueduct, extending perpendicularly several hundred feet, was erected in the centre of the enclosure. The top of this shaft was in the form of an *inverted decanter*, and connected at the bottom with the great aqueduct from Fountainland, already described.

When this structure was completed, and the water let in, its appearance was exceedingly beautiful. Every pillar of the fence became a water-spout; and, being slightly flattened at the top, each jet of water assumed the

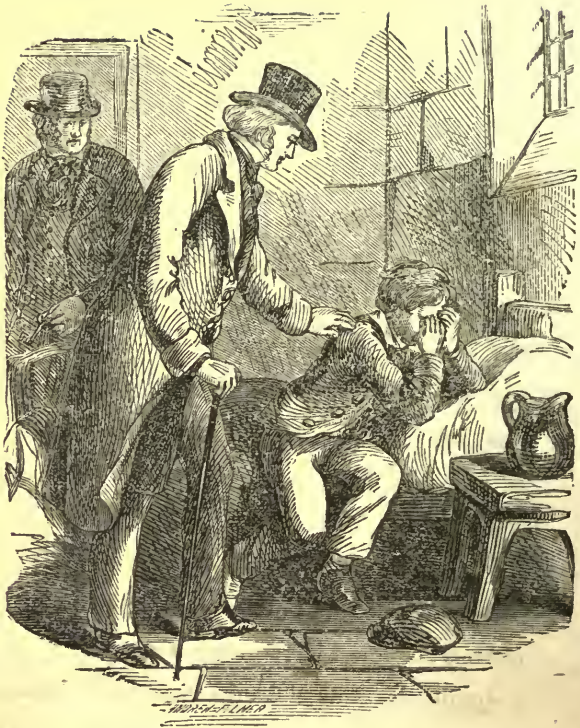
shape of a fan, the whole together having the appearance of a wall of water, beautifully scalloped at the top. As it fell in spray and foam, the great aqueduct presented the appearance of a huge serpent, boiling and seething in the water ; and the red wheels which were strewn along the embankment, having the appearance of numerous flue-holes, aided much in deepening this impression.

When the sun was shining, the spray would form rainbows, so that, by a little help from the imagination, the whole enclosure would become a wall of rainbows. The spouts of water from the old smoke-pipes, and the inverted decanter upon the top of the great central shaft, it was noticed, arrested much attention, especially from the old stockholders in the Black-Valley Road. Sometimes they were seen to shiver as with a sudden attack of ague while looking at these objects. When the rains were falling at Fountainland, and the springs were full, and

the cascades were “blowing their trumpets from a thousand steeps,” and the great Crystal River was pouring along in overflowing banks, the action of the water was sensibly increased, so that the roar of it could be heard for many miles. By putting the ear to the ground when all was quiet and still (as upon a New-England sabbath), the sound of the water could be heard throughout the whole Black-Valley Country from *Sippington* to the volcano; and those who could see well at a distance always noticed a diminution of the fire at the end of the road, when the water was flowing abundantly.

Upon both sides of this water-wall, a broad canal extended quite around the prison, so that any who attempted to escape would have to swim across a broad expanse of water. Upon the arch over the huge iron gate of the prison was inscribed, —





Rev. Dr. Oldwine with his senior Deacon, visits the *Prisonton Water Works*, and is invited into the private room of a parishioner from Sippington, who tells him that if the old meetinghouse had been swept away sooner he should not have been in that place. p. 163.

“Black-Valley Railroad Water-Works.”

“Who enters here will not depart until he has learned the value and power of water.”

Inside the enclosure, at a convenient distance from the canal, a building, extending around the whole, was constructed, in the form of the freight-houses of the Black-Valley Railroad, the material having been gathered from the demolished store-houses which the flood had piled up along the road. This building was designed as a workshop for the inmates. It was abundantly supplied with water for drinking and bathing, and also for propelling the machinery of the establishment, *steam* being regarded as dangerous to the class of persons employed in the institution.

Inside this row of work-shops were located the lodging-houses of the prisoners. These were built like the *dépôts* of the Black-Valley Railroad, and principally from the *débris* of the buildings which the flood had carried quite into this country.

Inside of these buildings the land was laid out into squares and small lots, around each of which a stream of water was kept constantly flowing, being supplied by a jet of water which gushed up from the centre of each lot.

The number of inmates which were provided for in the institution, was *one hundred thousand*; being one-fifth of the number engaged in the business of the Black-Valley Railroad Company.

As it was found that a large number of them could sing and play upon musical instruments, an orchestra was formed, for the purpose of bringing the influence of music to the aid of the educational influences of the place. After the orchestra was organized and drilled for the purpose, they were accustomed to sing with instrumental accompaniment from a platform in an open area, located in plain sight of the great *inverted decanter*; and evening, just as the sun was setting, was commonly chosen as the time for the musical performance.

The following was the favorite song which the great orchestra and choir would render with the most thrilling effect:—

SONG.

In Eden's green retreats,
A water-brook that played
Between soft mossy seats,
Beneath a plane-tree's shade,
Whose rustling leaves
Danced o'er its brink,
Was Adam's drink,
And also Eve's.

Beside the parent spring
Of that young brook, the pair
Their morning chant would sing;
And Eve, to dress her hair,
Kneel on the grass
That fringed its side,
And make its tide
Her looking-glass.

And when the man of God
From Egypt led his flock,
They thirsted ; and his rod
Smote the Arabian rock,
And forth a rill
Of water gushed,
And on they rushed,
And drank their fill.

Would Eden thus have smiled,
Had wine to Eden come ?
Would Horeb's parching wild
Have been refreshed with rum ?
And had Eve's hair
Been dressed in gin,
Would she have been reflected fair ?

Had Moses built a still,
And dealt out to that host,
To every man his gill,
And pledged him on a toast,
Would cooler brains
Or stronger hands
Have braved the sands
Of those hot plains ?

“ Sweet fields beyond death’s flood
Stand dressed in living green ; ”
For from the throne of God,
To freshen all the scene,
A river rolls,
Where all who will
May come and fill
Their crystal bowls !

Should God, in wrath, ordain
A universal dearth,
What need he do but rain
On all this green glad earth,
From cloudy urns,
The curse that fills
Our vats and stills,
That blights and burns ?

Save us from such a shower,
God of the eastern bow !
That pledge of love and power,
What bends, what paints it so ? —

That bow on air,
'Tis light that bends,
Heaven's light, that blends
With water there.

Let light on water shine, —
The light of love and truth !
Then shall that drink divine
Be quaffed by Age and Youth ;
And as that bow
Doth heavenward bend,
Shall heavenward tend
The way they go.

This song commonly produced the wildest enthusiasm. When it was sung at evening, the rays of the setting sun falling upon the spray of the water projectiles which surrounded the whole area of the institution, filling the air with floating forms of beauty, the effect was quite indescribable. By moonlight, when every thing was still except the sound of the water, it was even more impressive. When this song was sung in the daytime, the roar and

clatter of the machinery seemed to form a kind of sub-bass, and the trip-hammers answered well for an anvil chorus; and the whole together was as the sound of many waters when the ocean, stirred by strong winds, is sounding its "deep, profound, eternal bass in Nature's great anthem."

At times, the whole vast company of the inmates of the institution seemed inclined to unite their voices in a song. At such times, the song seemed to fall into the form of a prayer, which was long remembered and often repeated after the inmates left the institution. The following is one of the songs which was fixed in the memory, and which proved a talisman to many in the hour of temptation, long after leaving the place: —

Ye gracious clouds ! ye deep, cold wells !

Ye gems, from mossy rocks that drip !

Springs, that from earth's mysterious cells

Gush o'er your granite basin's lip !

To you we look : your largess give,
And we will drink of you, and live.

The prisoners were divided into three classes. Those who were only travellers on the road, and whose crimes had been committed under the influence of this travel, belonged to the first class. These, on being introduced into the institution, were put to labor on the part of land which had been laid out for the purpose, and on which they were to labor ten hours daily, living on bread and water. Those from Medicineville, of whom were many females, were set to trimming the hedges, and keeping in order the flower-beds which surround the land-plats already described. Ten hours a day, with bread and water, and a constant sight of the great inverted decanter, from which a flood of water was constantly leaping into the air, imparted great vigor and cheerfulness to their employments.

In the second class were the ticket-sellers and dépôt-masters upon the Black-Valley Railroad. These were put to hard labor in the shops ten hours a day, with bread and water. This regimen, with the sight and sound of the rushing water all around them, and the roar and clatter of the machinery which the water was driving through the whole extent of the vast building, seemed to impart to them a vigor and elasticity such as they had never experienced.

In the third class were the stockholders of the Black-Valley Railroad. They were, for the most part, men of great corpulency, which was accounted for by the well-known fact that they were accustomed to swallow travellers on the Black-Valley Road whenever there was opportunity. On this account, sailors called them *land-sharks*, and all Fountainland sailors gave them a wide berth. Of some of them it was reported that they had not only swallowed

travellers, but whole farms, with houses and stock. These corpulent gentlemen were now formed into companies to act as waiters to carry water to the prisoners. To reduce their corpulency, and to impart a more impressive idea of the power of water, it was contrived to give them a ride daily upon the trip-hammers. It was arranged that this should take place at eleven and four o'clock each day; that being the hour of the olden time when all the dépôts of the Black-Valley Railroad were open for the sale of tickets. Sometimes a hundred at a time were placed upon as many of these water-horses, and required to ride until they would promise to deal no more in the stocks of the Black-Valley Railroad.

The effect of these rides upon these corpulent prisoners was very salutary. Their corpulency was rapidly reduced, and their general appearance was much improved. The defiant bearing which they formerly showed toward

the members of the water-company who had been instrumental in constructing the great aqueduct which had flooded the Black-Valley Country was changed to a submissive demeanor. Their ideas, too, of the value and power of water, were completely revolutionized. The laws of Fountainland, as well as its institutions and customs, they thought were admirable ; and they were filled with wonder that the plan for renovating the Black-Valley Country, and destroying the great Railroad which had built it up, had not been thought of long before. When it became sufficiently evident that the inmates of the institution had become thoroughly convinced of the value and resistless power of water, they were discharged, upon promising that they would never engage in any department of the business of the Black-Valley Railroad. A large proportion of the discharged convicts became useful members of society, and admirers of the zeal and enterprise

of the great water company, through whose instrumentality the country had been changed from a land of poverty and misery into a land of plenty and high cultivation.





CHAPTER XIV.

Special Commission to investigate the Origin of the Water which had swept away the Black-Valley Railroad. — Their Report. — Reading from an Ancient Book. — Concluding Hymn.

AFTER numerous observations concerning the quality and effects of the waters which had wrought such wonderful changes in the condition of the Black-Valley Country, it was determined to make a thorough investigation of their origin. One of the most remarkable facts about these waters which created much surprise, was their *great abundance*. The supply seemed to be inexhaustible. It came flowing on in such

quantities, that all the lands were irrigated; and even the Great Desert, which had drank up all other streams, was quite overflowed; and the “dry ground was turned into water-springs.”

Another fact about the water was its great *fertilizing power*. Wherever it flowed, the country became greatly productive, and even “the desert blossomed like the rose.” “Trees planted by this river always brought forth their fruit in season: their leaf, also, did not wither.” Upon the banks of it, “the hungry were made to dwell, and to prepare cities for habitation, and to sow fields, and plant vineyards, which yielded fruits of increase,” in the greatest abundance, and “good wine which maketh glad the heart,” without poisoning the brain, being the pure “fruit of the vine,” into which the fluid-devil of alcohol, that unclean spirit, which teareth men, and causeth them to fall on the ground, and wallow foaming, was

not permitted to enter by the process of fermentation.

Another fact about these waters, which had arrested much attention, was, that, while they abounded in fish, *no reptiles of a destructive nature* could live in them. Sharks and Serpents and Bloodsuckers were never found in them; and, if placed there, would immediately die. Only fish of the useful kind could live in these waters; and they were found in great abundance, "as the fish of the great sea exceeding many," so that the fishermen who came with their nets were abundantly rewarded for their labors.

It had also been discovered that these waters had a remarkable *medicinal quality*, and power of imparting health and strength to body and mind. Many persons who were accustomed to the use of them in good faith attained an amount of physical strength which was sometimes marvellous. It was related of one of

them, that, when a young lion roared upon him, he seized the huge animal, and tore him to pieces, rending him as he would a gentle kid. At another time, he slew a thousand men, and recovered from his exhaustion in this superhuman effort by the use of this invigorating water.

At another time, when a company of men were lying in wait for him at a certain city, intending to kill him, he arose at midnight, and took the doors of the gate of the city, and the two posts, and went away with them upon his shoulders, without staggering as much as ordinary men do with a single "brick in their hat;" and also, upon another occasion, he seized the two middle pillars of a great temple, where thousands were assembled to make sport of him, and dragged the temple down, overwhelming them in ruin, to the amazement of all beholders.

Of another water-drinker, it was related that he grew fair and beautiful and strong, so

that he went into a den of lions, and came out uninjured ; - and also into a fiery furnace seven times heated, and came out without the smell of fire upon him, while the flames consumed those that cast him into the furnace.

It was also related, that a great company of men, women, and children, had made a journey of forty years through a vast wilderness, drinking only water ; and also that upon the land and upon the sea this water was working wonders.

In view of all these remarkable facts, an exploring company, made up of a party of scientific gentlemen, was sent to Fountainland, to make a thorough investigation of the question of *the origin of these waters*. This company immediately addressed themselves to the work ; and, after many observations and careful inquiries, reported *that the fountainhead of these waters was from the Temples of Fountainland*. From

all the Temples which *faced the rising sun*, and in which the priest stood *at the right side of the altar*, “the waters came down from under the right side of the house;” so that at each of these temples there was a *living spring*, forming a rivulet which irrigated and enriched the surrounding region. It was also discovered, that, from the temples *which faced the setting sun*, no water issued, from under the threshold of the house. No springs could be found in the vicinity of this class of temples; and the ground was always dry and dusty, so that the whole neighborhood was parched and desolate, barren and comfortless, while around all the other class of temples the country was rich and *well-watered*; and “sweet fields arrayed in living green” greeted the eye of the traveller upon every side. It was found also that many of the worshippers in the temples *which faced the setting sun* made occasional pilgrimages into the Black-Valley Country; being stockholders

in the great Black-Valley Road, and having intimate relations with the Prince of the country. It was also discovered that the principal service in which the priests of these temples engaged, consisted in denouncing the infidelity and fanaticism of those who worshipped in the temples which *faced the rising sun*; and also that many of the priests made frequent pilgrimages into the Black-Valley Country, going, as they said, in pursuit of their flocks, many of whom had travelled far down into those regions of drought and darkness.

While the exploring company were making their report concerning the origin of these remarkable waters, a man of grave countenance, clad in the costume of an ancient seer, arose in the great assembly which was convened to hear the result of this investigation, and asked the privilege of reading from a very ancient volume, which he indicated would probably throw new light upon this interesting subject,

and furnish much valuable information. Permission being granted, he read as follows, while the great company listened with profound attention : —

“Afterward he brought me again unto the door of the house ; and behold, waters issued out from under the threshold of the house eastward : for the fore-front of the house stood toward the east, and the waters came down from under from the right side of the house, at the south side of the altar. Then brought he me out of the way of the gate northward, and led me about the way without unto the outer gate by the way that looketh eastward ; and behold there ran out waters on the right side. And when the man that had the line in his hand went forth eastward, he measured a thousand cubits, and he brought me through the waters ; the waters were to the ankles. Again he measured a thousand, and brought me through the waters ; the waters were to the

knees. Again he measured a thousand, and brought me through; the waters were to the loins. Afterward he measured a thousand; and it was a river that I could not pass over: for the waters were risen, waters to swim in, a river that could not be passed over. And he said unto me, Son of man, hast thou seen this? Then he brought me, and caused me to return to the brink of the river. Now, when I had returned, behold, at the bank of the river were very many trees, on the one side and on the other. Then said he unto me, These waters issue out toward the east country, and go down into the desert, and go into the sea: which being brought forth into the sea, the waters shall be healed. And it shall come to pass, that every thing that liveth, which moveth, whithersoever the rivers shall come, shall live: and there shall be a very great multitude of fish, because these waters shall come thither: for they shall be healed: and

every thing shall live whither the river cometh. And by the river, upon the bank thereof, on this side and on that side, shall grow all trees for meat, whose leaf shall not fade, neither shall the fruit thereof be consumed: it shall bring forth new fruit according to its months, because their waters they issued out of the sanctuary: and the fruit thereof shall be for meat, and the leaf thereof for medicine.” — Ez. xlvii.

The date of this document was the year of the world 3430, being 574 years before the Christian era. When this extract from the ancient volume had been read, another portion, bearing a later date by six hundred years; was read as follows: —

“ And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and the Lamb. In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit

every month; and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations."

The reading of these extracts from the ancient book created a profound sensation in the minds of all present. Some were surprised to learn of the existence of such a river. Others declared that they had heard of it, but had no adequate conception of its magnitude or of the quality of its waters: while others declared that they had often stood by the side of this stream, and drank of its waters, and seen how the desert had been made to blossom like the rose by its fertilizing influence. While these testimonies were being given in, the interest continued to increase, until the whole vast assembly, which had been giving their attention to the subject, were profoundly impressed with a feeling of wonder and amazement, and with united voices, as the "sound of many waters," rising to their feet, they sang, —

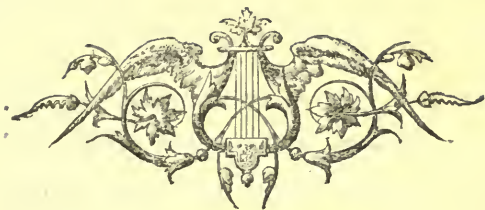
“ Great Source of being and of love,
Thou waterest all the worlds above ;
And all the joys which mortals know
From thine exhaustless fountain flow.

A sacred stream, at thy command,
From Zion's Mount in Canaan's land,
Beside Thy temple cleaves the ground,
And pours its limpid stream around.

The limpid stream with sudden force
Swells to a river in its course ;
Through desert realms its windings play,
And scatter blessings all the way.

Close by its banks, in order fair,
The blooming trees of life appear :
Their blossoms fragrant odors give,
And on their fruit the nations live.

Flow, wondrous stream, with glory crowned,
Flow on to earth's remotest bound,
And bear us on thy gentle wave
To Him who all thy virtues gave.



CHAPTER XV.

The Border Country. — A Difficulty between the Fountainland and Towbakowland Boys settled. — Changes in Public Sentiment. — Dr. Fumus and a Chewington Gentleman change their Habits. — Water introduced. — Memorial Fountain, &c.

DIRECTLY upon the borders of the Black-Valley Country lies the great Towbakowland Country, through which multitudes find their way to the upper terminus of the Black-Valley Railroad, where they are “taken in” for their first excursions. Many who come from Fountainland into this border country, with no intention of going

beyond, are induced by the influences of the place to advance farther ; until at length they find themselves far down on the Black-Valley Road, the customs, habits, and business of the place all being favorable to that result.

The Towbakowland Country is divided into three principal sections, called Snuffington, Puffington, and Chewington, each section being distinguished by its own peculiarities. The people of Snuffington find that their noses are set upon their faces upside down, for the principal purpose for which they wish to use them ; unless they stand upon their heads. The Puffington people find it necessary to attach an artificial tube of some sort to their mouths, in order suitably to narcotize the air which they breathe ; while the Chewington people have great trouble and inconvenience on account of the superabundant action of the salivary glands producing a necessity for constant spitting.

Midway of the great plain in which the country is situated is a broad thoroughfare, having a descending grade toward Sippington. Over this dry and smooth road, stages and coaches, omnibuses and private carriages, are constantly running, causing immense clouds of dust and *smoke* to fill the air, and hang over the land like a thick fog, more especially as the roads are never sprinkled, on account of the scarcity of water.

These carriages are constantly loaded with young people, many of whom are boys, on their way to the Black-Valley Country. During their first excursions, they are frequently very sick ; so that it is no uncommon event to see them looking pale and ghastly, as if they would welcome death as a friend if he would give them relief : but as their honor is at stake, and custom makes it honorable to be able to take these excursions, they usually persevere until the nausea ceases, when they reckon

themselves to have attained to an honorable manhood. .

At times, the clouds of smoke which hang over the great thoroughfare are carried by the wind over large portions of the Fountainland Country, producing sickness and retching; so that the people are obliged to keep their windows closed, or live within doors. On this account, serious misunderstandings sometimes arise between the inhabitants of the two sections of country. The Fountainland people complain that this smoke is a nuisance, against which they have a right to be protected; and that it is uncivil on the part of the Towbakowland people to contaminate the common air with it. To this the Towbakowland people reply, The wind bloweth where it listeth; and we cannot tell whence it cometh, or whither it goeth, with our *smoke*. In order to show them how this principle works when fairly carried out, the Fountainland boys, by the aid

of some huge India-rubber bags prepared for the purpose, contrived to fill the whole atmosphere with a nauseating gas while the wind was blowing toward their neighbors. This gas caused so much sickness, that the people thought the black-vomit had broken out among them. This created great excitement and alarm. Many were completely prostrated by the feeling of distress which came upon them. Others, not knowing what the matter was, meditated sympathetically upon the sufferings of the whale when getting ready to cast Jonah upon the shore. In this condition of things, retching and wretched, they despatched messengers to the Fountainland doctors to come with haste to their relief. Before the doctors arrived, the Fountainland boys explained the whole matter; adding, The wind bloweth where it listeth, and we cannot tell whither it goeth, with our *gas*; but this we can tell, that fresh air will soon bring relief to all sufferers:

and, promising to call it even if they would hereafter keep their smoke at home, the matter was settled without a war.

In process of time, the customs and habits of Fountainland began to be introduced, to the great satisfaction of the mothers and daughters of the land. Frequent communications with the people of Fountainland had produced the conviction, that the habits of the people, and the general cleanliness of the place, had contributed much to its healthfulness and prosperity. Ladies from Snuffington noticed, that, while on their visits to Fountainland, the people stared at them and smiled when they indulged in their favorite habit, and always expressed great surprise when invited to participate. The Puffington ladies discovered that their husbands and sons were always unhappy when in Fountainland; because the customs of the place were such, that they could not use their favorite fumigators without seeming to be rude.

It is related of a distinguished clergyman of Puffington, Dr. Fumus, that while attending a great religious meeting in Fountainland, and receiving entertainment in an elegant mansion where the lady of the house was known to be very averse to the habits of the Puffington people, rising early in the morning, he prostrated himself upon the floor, with his head in the fireplace, whose chimney carried off all smoke, where he seemed to be breathing with great difficulty. His wife, seeing him in this condition, was much alarmed, and exclaimed, "What ails you, my dear? are you dying?" Out of all patience with himself, he replied, "Offering a stench-offering to the Devil, my dear!" and immediately arose, and, crushing his fumigating tube under his heels upon the hearth, exclaimed, "Get thee behind me, Satan! thou savorest not of the things of God, or of God's ambassadors to men." After which, the savor of his habit ceased to exhale from him,

to the great joy of his wife, and to the great advantage of the young men who had been much influenced by his example.

It is related also of a Chewington military gentleman, whose health was failing, and whose nervous system was much deranged, that his jaw was one day broken by the kick of his horse. This put a stop to his masticating habit for many months, during which time his health was completely restored : whereupon he rode through the whole district of Chewington, offering the gratuitous use of the heels of his horse to all who were in the same bondage in which he came so near to dying.

These facts, with many others which were extensively circulated, produced a great smoke of excitement through the whole Towbakowland Country. Rev. Solomon Spittle, whose influence had led many young men to *settle down* in Chewington, renounced his habit, and got his name changed to Waterman.

In connection with the discussion of this subject, the people learned that what they called a luxury was doing them a great injury, and costing them more than their bread.

After the great change in the condition of things in the Black-Valley Country by reason of the flood, the people of Towbakowland found that the great market for their principal product was gone, as the patrons of the Black-Valley Railroad were the principal purchasers of their staple product. They discovered, too, that the soil had been much exhausted by the crops which they had been taking from it. The fertility of the Black-Valley Country, from the effects of irrigation, also arrested their attention, and rapidly brought the people to the conviction that their old business must be abandoned in order to secure the golden harvests which each autumn was bringing to their neighbors, whose farms had been so completely renovated by the use of water. In

fine, they found that they were falling rapidly behind their neighbors, whose cleanly houses, and well-kept fields, and irrigated gardens, presented a painful contrast when compared with the dry, dusty, smoky, and filthy condition of things among themselves.

Water began now to be popular. Those who drank it found that their health was much improved; and those who used it upon their lands found that a blessing was in it, of more value than gold.

In view of this state of things, it was resolved to introduce *water* into every part of the country; and as the water of the great Crystal River was free and abundant, and on such an elevation above them that a powerful pressure could be secured, it was resolved to construct an immense aqueduct, so that every farm and house in the land could be supplied.

It was also resolved to make a bonfire of

their favorite plant, and to substitute a crop less injurious to their lands, and which would be useful to their families and to others, and, in future, more sure of a regular sale in the market. Accordingly, they brought together the unsavory contents of their storehouses into one vast pile. Around this they built a circular wall out of a material composed of the crushed tubes and bowls of their fumigating instruments, wrought into brick under the heavy *hydraulic* pressure which the Fountainland *water* now abundantly supplied. When the whole was completed, fire was set to the accumulated mass inside the enclosure; and immediately a smoke like the smoke of a great furnace rose into the clear air, covering the whole heavens as with "blackness of darkness." In process of time, the cloud of smoke cleared away; and, preparations having been previously made, the aqueduct from the great Crystal River was opened into it, and every house in

Towbakowland was supplied with an abundance of water from the "Memorial Fountain," now completed.

The introduction of water produced immediately the anticipated results. The air, which before was filled with smoke, became clear and invigorating. The streets and houses of Chewington, which, before the introduction of water, were extremely filthy, became clean. The fields, in their season, waved with the products of the soil, now made fertile by water; and the golden harvest of the autumn brought with it such crops as rewarded more abundantly than ever the toils of those who upon the well-watered lands prosecuted their easy labors where once with faint hearts and foul hands, amid nauseating smells, they gathered the crops of former days.

When this great work was accomplished, it was resolved to celebrate the occasion with suitable commemorative services.

Gen. Chew Chaw, whose horse had saved his life by a kick in the jaw, was appointed marshal of the day, and, by special request, rode his favorite charger, whose "neck was clothed with thunder," and whose heels, as he had occasion to know, were charged with lightning, always ready to do a good deed wherever required. Hon. Mr. Drinkwater, President of the Fountainland Water Company, presided, making a glowing speech on the cleansing, sanitary, and fertilizing power of water; dwelling especially upon its use in Scripture as a symbol of *Christian truth and spiritual life*. Dr. Fumus offered prayer, in which he recognized with gratitude his deliverance from bondage; and Rev. Mr. Waterman read suitable selections of Scripture, closing with the words of Jesus, "But the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life;" after which numerous congratulatory speeches were made,

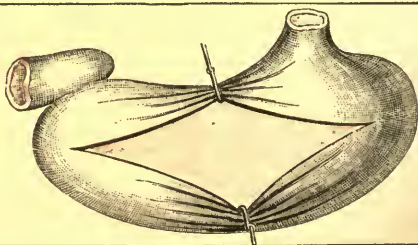
and the service brought to a close, all uniting in singing, —

“That sacred stream, Thy holy Word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls ;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.”

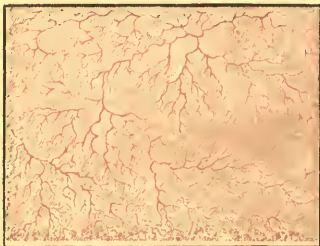


DR. THOMAS SEWALL'S DIAGRAMS

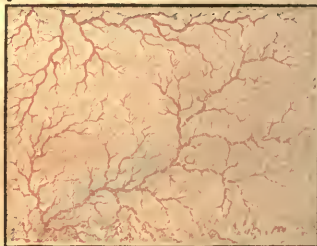
Showing the internal condition of Travellers



AT FOUNTAINLAND.
Healthy.



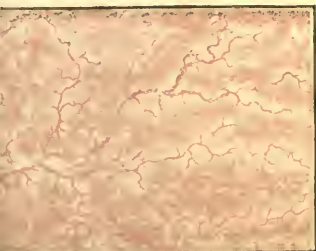
AT SIPPINGTON.
Inflamed.



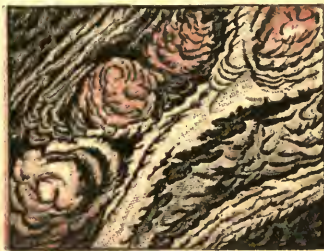
AT TOPERSVILLE.
Poison indicated.

OF THE HUMAN STOMACH,

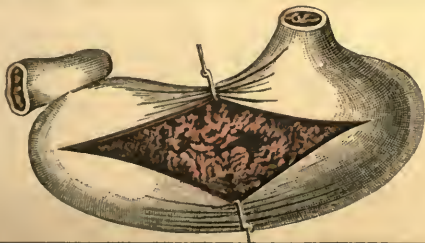
at different places in the "Black Valley Country."



AT DRUNKARD'S CURVE.
Diseased.



AT DELIRIUMTON.
Blood coagulated.



AT DESTRUCTION.
Disorganized.



One of the most emphatic temperance lectures that could possibly be addressed to either eye or ear. I have seen its effects upon an intelligent audience, and am persuaded that it contains the largest variety of admonitions compressed into the smallest compass. It would seem as if no man could look on that picture, and still dare to keep his seat on the B. V. R. train."—*Prof. J. S. Sewall, Bowdoin College.*

"Admirably adapted to remind the observer of the terrible consequences of intemperance, and thus to aid the great cause of total abstinence, especially for schools among the freed people of the South, Sabbath schools, &c."—*Major Gen. O. O. Howard, Washington, D. C.*

"A new, cheap *Temperance Lecturer*, who eats nothing, drinks nothing, requires no salary. . . . The friends of temperance would do a most valuable service to the cause, at a cheap rate, by placing this picture in railroad dépôts, post-offices, public schools, and all other public places where it could be admitted, constantly to read its fearful lessons and give its much needed warning."—*Christian World.*

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"Excellent! I hope it will be scattered wherever English can be understood."—*Prof. A. Phelps, Andover, Mass.*

"Capital! capital! It is a minnie-ball, and will do execution."—*Rev. L. Swain, Providence.*

"You have struck upon a rich vein in your 'Black-Valley Railroad.' There is ingenuity—I had almost said genius—enough in it to immortalize the author."—*Prof. Wm. S. Tyler, Amherst College.*

"I am fully impressed with the belief that it must be of great service in impressing upon young people the great danger of using strong drink."—*Prof. Edward Hitchcock, Amherst College.*

"Word-pictures, it has been said, are often mighty; but with such an aid as your literal exhibition, 'a force is given all force excelling.' I think it should be suspended at every Temperance Convention, and the freest reference made to it by all who speak."—*Hon. David Choate, Essex, Mass.*

"Calculated to produce a lasting impression upon the minds of the young. I wish a copy of it might be hung up in every school-room and bar-room in the land."—*Prof. E. N. Bartlett, Oberlin College.*

"This picture shows to the inebriate where he is and his means of escape. He may read volumes at a glance in this wonderful scene. A man must be hard indeed who would pursue the fatal course when once it has been so vividly portrayed. We recommend this picture to our teacher friends as a most valuable aid in establishing good morals and correct habits in the minds of the young."—*The Rhode-Island Schoolmaster.*

"The pupil of the eye takes in knowledge with great readiness. Men whose other senses are destroyed by the paralysis of appetite or greed open wide their eyes when they see the 'engine,' with the Evil One for stoker, and grain for fuel, crashing down to Drunkards' Curve, on its steep, crooked way to Destruction."—*Boston Recorder.*

From the Congregationalist.

We do not see how anything could be more complete or effective for its purpose. There is a stroke of genius in the very title, and a vein of humor runs all the way through. Not only is it a literary success but a work in the interest of temperance and humanity—of virtue and religion for which we are sure any good citizen and every Christian will thank the author. Under the guise of a skillful allegory it portrays the evils of intemperance, and the desolation wrought by the liquor traffic—showing by what insidious steps and under what plausible pleas the habit of drinking is begun and confirmed, and describes the beginning and progress of the temperance reform, license prohibition &c. * * * Altogether it is a skillful argument and powerful appeal * * * the illustrations are striking—indeed, everything in the volume is made to tell.

From Dr. Charles Jewett.

I have read your work, the *Black Valley*, with intense interest. Since the days of Bunyan and his immortal work the *Pilgrims' Progress*, I doubt if there has ever been published an allegory calculated to contribute so much to the education and reformation of this drunken and sin cursed world.

From Rev. Mortimer Blake, D.D.

The "Black Valley" is one of those happy conceptions which rise almost to an inspiration. It just tells the story of the downward progress of drinking, in a figure which everybody, even the child, can understand, and with a fascination which compels the traveler on that road to read it to the bitter end. The book and the illustrative picture ought to be in every Sabbath school library, and in every hotel, steamboat, rail car and sailing yacht, and wherever else tickets on the Black Valley Railroad are sold.

From the Advance.

Admirably fitted to warn the old and the young. Should be in every Sunday school in the land.

From the Nation.

Original in conception and style, just the thing needed, and will be read everywhere with interest and profit.

From the Temperance Press.

It presents, in a way that cannot fail to arrest attention, the terrible results of the liquor traffic and the folly of the habit of using intoxicating drink. Should be in every family and Sabbath school, and in the hands of every young man.

From Rev. Joseph H. Towne, D. D.

The best Allegory since the *Pilgrims' Progress*. It is like a "sharp razor working deceitfully." It will be a powerful dissuasive from travel in the *Black Valley County*, except to those who are already beyond *Idiot Flats*.

From J. D. Fulton, D. D.

Should be welcomed to every Sabbath school Library and every fire-side in the land.

From Dea. E. W. Storrs, Longmeadow.

I have read the *Black Valley* with unexpected interest. From the dark and sombre beginning to the glorious ending, I was filled with alternating and constantly increasing emotions of horror and delight. It is a wonderful book. The testimonials I am constrained to feel, fall far short of expressing my opinion of its value.

THE BLACK VALLEY RAILROAD.

An Allegorical Picture, designed to impress upon the mind through the eye the Evils of Intemperance, and present the Scriptural and Physiological Argument against the use of Intoxicating Drink, is now published from an improved design in the beautiful style of CHROMO-LITHOGRAPHY.

By the aid of brilliant colors the representation is made attractive as well as impressive. At the bottom of the new picture are printed the famous diagrams by Dr. Sewell, showing the effects of strong drink upon the human stomach, the whole exhibiting at a glance the *consequences of intemperance*. Pastors, Sabbath-school Superintendents, and Teachers can use this document with great effect. In show-windows, dépôts, halls, &c., it can be used to preach Temperance to the passing crowd who would not otherwise be reached. "It is a sugar-coated pill readily taken, and loses none of its virtues by what is upon the outside." It has already saved many from a drunkard's grave.

At the ends of the picture, upon a scroll, are the names of the places through which the trains move on their way to the regions of serpents, demons, storms, fire, and darkness; viz., Sippington, Tippleton, Topersville, Drunkards' Curve, Rowdyville, Quarrelton, Riotville, Beggarstown, Woeland, Gamblersville, Fightington, Brothelton, Pitfall, Robbers' Den, Prisonton, Dellriumton, Demonland, Hornets'-Nest Thicket, Screech-Owl Forest, Horrorland, Serpentland, Maniacville, Idiot Flats, Black Valley Stormland, Thunderland, Tornado Gorge, Flood-crossing, DESTRUCTION.

Under each name upon the scroll an appropriate text of Scripture is printed; the whole being arranged so that the eye at a glance takes in the whole idea of THE DRUNKARD'S ROAD TO RUIN.

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Jug-or-Not



Scene at Demonland. Worshippers of the principal god of the Black Valley Country. p. 68.